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Kenyon, John :

RHYMED PLEA  
FOR  
TOLERANCE.

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

WITH  
A PREFATORY DIALOGUE.

‘He allowed others to differ from him even in opinions that were very dear to  
n, and provided men did but fear God and work righteousness, he loved them  
urtilly, how distant soever from him in judgment about things less necessary;  
all which he is very worthy to be a pattern to men of all persuasions.’

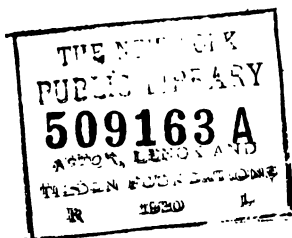
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1833.

W. M.





LONDON:  
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHIT  
(LATE T. DAVISON.)

TO HIS BROTHER,

FROM FEELING AND FROM REFLECTION

A LOVER OF TOLERANCE,

THESE VERSES

ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.



## PREFACE.

---

THESE verses—the author does not venture to call them poetry—will probably be referred to the class of satire. They contain, however, no names of living persons, (none at least for sneer or blame,) and no intended personal allusions whatsoever. They, who in satiric verses insist on such matter, will disapprove them accordingly.

In proportion to his ability, the Author has been anxious to inculcate principles, and more especially that one of a full religious tolerance. And by this word he would not imply any mere toleration, either legal or practical; the one, too often cold, spiritless, a dead letter; the other, given or withheld at every private will. But that inward charity which, where any toleration is to exist, ought to be its chief motive

force ; not, in short, an effect, but a cause ; not an expediency, but a duty. Such a tolerance he would desire to see imbibed, almost an instinct, on the mother's lap ; and made afterwards a bounden lesson, in schools and colleges ; bearing fruit indeed in our statute books and church offices, but with its root in men's hearts.

By this kindly demon we have been, as yet, but too little possessed. But be it remembered, that had such a spirit been more fully poured into earlier or later ages, Christ and Socrates had not died by hemlock and the cross, nor Servetus and Latimer by fire ; nor would contempts and hatreds, more or less intense, stand up, as now, for bourns between sect and sect.

Whether an established church be, in each country, a state necessity, is not here to be examined ; but the author believes, and is glad to believe, that such a church is likely long to exist amongst ourselves. For from her very constitution, (which is, in truth, somewhat secular,) and in spite of her own doctrines, she has always been, in no small degree, a support of

what practical toleration has hitherto existed among us. But let her extend that toleration yet farther, from a mere permission to a principle ; and thus give an example to other sects. “Tuque prior, tu parce.” And let her so do, not to gather in those without the fold, but to improve those within it ; and to make, as nearly as possible, professions of faith and truth of fact coincident. To effect this, she should no longer hesitate to erase from her articles of faith and from her liturgy all clauses damnatory of other creeds, or shades of creed. By honest dissenters such clauses are received with anger or with scorn, and by merciful churchmen with a sigh.

Does the author err, and say what is not, when he affirms that these severer clauses are silently rejected by a large body, not only of her laity, but of her very clergy ? This is a question of fact, on which each observer will claim to judge for himself. Not, however, that opportunities of judgment are either wide or frequent. For since, as the system now is, to extract an opinion on most doctrinal points, from almost any individual of our establishment—lay or cleric—

is to put the civil or social interests of that individual, in some way or other, at the mercy of the extractor ; therefore it is, that generous persons do not make such inquisitions, and timid and shrewd persons do not satisfy them when made. Hence, too, it comes, that on many deeply interesting points of religion it is, practically forbidden to seek the opinions of many, from a communion with whose bright and comprehensive minds we would gladly enlarge and enlighten our own.

But if the fact be, in truth, as the author has ventured to suppose it ; if the damnatory clauses of our Liturgy and of our Church articles be indeed not of general credence ; then it requires small argument to show that they should no longer be suffered to remain. For whatsoever effect, good or bad, they may produce on the intellects or on the moral being of those who do in true faith accept them ; they must, at the least, wound the feelings, if they do not corrupt the consciences of others, clergy or laity, who, in their inner hearts rejecting, must notwithstanding seem to receive.

Even by persons not favourably disposed to our establishment, it will hardly be denied, that it has never been supplied with more exemplary ministers than now ; men, at once benevolent and beneficent ; well instructed and zealous. Such has the writer almost always found them on personal knowledge ; and such has he learned them to be from no limited inquiries amid their various seats of function—towns and villages. But is it fair toward these excellent men ; these teachers professed of truth and justice ; these, in the very highest acceptation of that term—gentlemen ; is it fair to put them forward as the vain teachers of dogmas, which they themselves hold—and are by others reputed to hold—for untrue and unjust ? And ought we to subject their sincerest usefulness and all the various virtues which grace them, to the not unreasonable suspicion and dislike of men, (virtuous like themselves,) as being at all times convertible into instruments of political, or, what is far worse, of private social oppression ?

No name is appended to the present attempt, because the author has none which might recom-



mend it to the publisher, or to the public. Because, (although himself in no degree doubting of the principles herein stated,) he cannot but know that there are some whom they will displease; and (in the perhaps not very probable case of finding readers) he would wish to avoid all chance of personal discussion.—Because too, (although himself satisfied of the fitness of well-managed verse, as a vehicle for the simple truths he would convey,) he does not therefore feel himself called upon to encounter the ridicule of having published verses, which, however good in their intention, may, in point of execution, be far otherwise. He has learned too, that the attempt to rhyme reasonings leads to a tone somewhat dogmatical; and that the form of dialogue (wisely or unwisely here adopted) tempts to egotism. Such offences could not, he is aware, be pardoned to him as a recognised individual. He strives to persuade himself that they will be more readily forgiven to that purely dramatic personage—an interlocutor; that mere abstraction—an anonymous author.

It has been suggested by one, to whose opinion

much deference is due, that "this preface and the following notes are superfluous; the former as containing nothing which is not in the poem; and of the latter, scarcely one being requisite for a well-read reader; and that both should be cashiered." Both are notwithstanding retained; the preface that every guest may know beforehand to what fare he is invited; and the notes, not only that the author may acknowledge some few of his many borrowings of thought and expression, but because he does not believe that the time is yet come, when even among "well-read readers" it may be useless to fortify statements and principles, the most obvious and rightful, by the authority of names.



## RHYMED PLEA FOR TOLERANCE.

### PREFATORY DIALOGUE.



“Sunt certi denique fines.”—HORAT.

A.—YES, I confess, I do regret the times  
When Pope and Dryden knit their manly rhymes ;  
When sense, to fancy near, like light and shade,  
Each chasing each, their due succession made ;  
Or, wisely intermingled, wrought to view  
Some master-work, not brilliant more than true.

That sister-reign is o'er ; and, queen sublime,  
Fancy alone now rules each realm of rhyme ;

B

Throng in her train, loves, hatreds, tears, and sighs,  
Tremors and vows, and oaths and ecstasies,  
That, fierce by turns, or languishingly fine,  
Burn, shiver, sob, and throb thro' every line.

On as I read, what marvel, if perplex—  
Now by half phrases, now half meanings vex;  
Now by descriptions tired, that find no close,  
Now strained by unimaginable woes;  
'Mid flickering lights, to no one focus brought;  
'Mid mirage mists, still baffling thirsty thought;  
And nightmare fantasies from drowsy grot,  
And far similitudes that liken not;  
Where, style and story, all is wild or dim  
As Pythian oracle or Orphic hymn;  
What marvel if my wondering spirit seem  
To drift amid the fragments of a dream,  
And mocked by moony mysteries all too long,  
Crave the clear sense of Pope's and Dryden's song.

Ye, thus who write in spite of critic law,  
How had their satire kept your freaks in awe !  
And to sole sway controlling all pretence,  
Bound fancy down to compromise with sense !

*B.*—Nay, call not up your satirists,—railers all,  
From Gifford downward up to Juvenal.

*A.*—'Tis true, of all that ink satiric page,  
Few dip the pen from purely virtuous rage.  
'Tis true, each stroke erased not honest quite,  
And blackened leaves, not few, must turn to white;  
Gone with the trash of many a blockhead's brains,  
And perished, too, some else immortal strains.

Fond of the frail applause that waits on wit,  
Curio deals right and left each reckless hit ;  
Dines at their board, then sketches, to the life,  
His simple neighbour or his neighbour's wife ;

Nay, should the need be pressing, without ruth,  
To win a smile will gently wrest a truth.  
Yet deem not Curio cruel. Merely gay,  
He wounds, like gamesome tiger, all in play.  
And what, if once he broke an honest heart,  
Wit stands his bail—it was but pride of art.  
Keen surgeons thus, where milder means might heal,  
Will sometimes fly, too fondly, to the steel.  
Thus idle sportsmen, over-proud to kill,  
Will maim and murder, just to show their skill.

Stern Milo never strove to raise a smile ;  
Satire with him is but a vent for bile.  
Fretful of stomach and of soul severe,  
The vice he marks, and paints it broad and clear :  
So broad, so clear, that his unblushing text  
Mends not the present age, and taints the next.

The dilettanti these. Next come the trade,  
With portraits drawn and fitted, ready made;  
Prepared, as hunger prompts them, or the metre,  
To hang on hapless James or fated Peter.

Some clothe their subjects all in masquerade,  
Like great incognitos thence more displayed :  
From Rome or Greece the gauzy drapery bring,  
Then wink and whisper, " Nero means the king."

Pimp of the soul, this tickles prurient ears,  
Resistless bait, with living characters ;  
Ambiguous facts gleans up, nor one rejects—  
All he half knows, and all but half suspects.  
Then o'er each page his nauseous notes he throws,  
And tastes, for verse too dull, provokes with prose.  
So mountebanks, who know their craft full well,  
Loose jests hitch in to bid their poisons sell ;



The crowd corrupt flock round with eager eyes,  
And buy at once their nostrums, and despise.

Sage Furio's deeplier speculating quill  
A nephew's name rhymed from his uncle's will ;  
Then changed, like serpent's skin, the satirist's tone,  
Wound round that uncle, and rhymed in his own.  
Not Boileau knew with subtler art to raise  
On satire's ground, adroit relief of praise ;  
Boileau, who swooped on every feebler thing,  
But tamed his beak in flattery for a king.

These are the vile—but his a viler part,  
Who makes his prey some woman's breaking heart,  
And pours on penitence his caustic in,  
Till the seared frailty hardens into sin.  
Or, if the better nature, somewhat nice,  
Though dropt to frailty, yet revolts at vice,

And, deeply sorrowing and repenting deep,  
Clings to the pardon meant for those that weep ;  
Each day to some atoning duty given,  
Yet deeming all she may too scant for heaven ;  
Yet, not the less, around her home forlorn,  
Whirls he the unpitying blast of public scorn,  
Till wrecked she sink beneath the driving gale,  
Like some unsheltered flow'ret, meek and pale,  
That, meant for warmer suns and gentler skies,  
Hangs its dejected head, and pines, and dies.  
Oh ! deem for such I hold a scorn like thine—  
Better than this the workshop, or the mine—  
Or rag-man's trade, or scavenger's, obscene—  
A toil more innocent, and quite as clean.

But when, more strong than pulpit and than laws,  
Satire her voice uplifts in virtue's cause,  
—Stern as the clang from Joshua's trumpet blown,  
When the stout walls of Jericho crashed down—

That powerful voice I hail in honest trust,  
Join in the fray and vaunt our quarrel just.  
With joy I see, beneath the withering blast,  
Forth from their holds the conscious vices haste ;  
Follies and coxcombries their stations yield,  
And many a bluff pretension quit the field ;  
Whilst, 'mid the scared and scampering herds of flight  
Virtue stands firm, and smiles in temperate might.

*B.*—Thus exercised, even I her power revere—

*A.*—And what though satire, sometimes too austere  
With reckless onset, whirl away together  
Guilt's braving plume, and folly's harmless feather,  
They, who on public stage uncalled appear,  
Must take the fortune of the theatre.

And, though I ne'er would grant the searching knave  
To probe the trembling quick of private life,

Some wife's, some sister's gentle heart to strain,  
 The good uncertain, but assured the pain ;  
 Yet still, if so it chance, on private ground,  
 (Such weeds by virtue's side are often found)  
 Some happy folly show its smirking pride,  
 Too gaily tempting to be passed aside ;  
 Some butt legitimate for gamesome wit ;  
 Why—we must sketch the trifler—bid him sit.

Yet here let satire veil with quaint disguise,  
 And, whilst our mirth she tickles, cheat our eyes—  
 Throw in a whisker—hide a blotch that shows—  
 And, if not yet be-purpled, tint the nose ;  
 That, while the sketch is nature, all agree,  
 Nor friend nor foe shall whisper “ This is he.”

Yet, I re-echo, when by shame unawed,  
 Some bold intruding villain stalks abroad—

Honour and right who counts as things of straw,  
Evading, or perhaps above, the law ;  
Some prætor knave, half India in his purse,  
Some royal favourite, a nation's curse ;  
Who, not content to nourish hates—his own—  
Crawls to his prince's ear, and taints the throne ;  
Some statesman, chafed at liberty's least word,  
Whose will would change the pandects for the sword  
Some patriot, reckless the mad crowd to drive  
On danger's brink, if he thenceforth may thrive ;  
Some muck-worm prelate, earthly gains made sure,  
Who leaves a bloated million from the poor ;  
Some title-hunting judge, whose slanting sight  
Can blink a tyrant wrong, or wrest a right—  
Shifting th' unsteady scales from hour to hour,  
Or crushing freedom with the mace of power ;  
Him, and that worst corruption as I name,  
The kindling passion almost bursts to flame ;

Him let the verse with eager hate pursue,  
Till seized, and bound, and dragged to public view,  
Beneath the avenging scourge he writhe at length,  
And own that satire hath her hour of strength.

Truth—justice—freedom—these are your's—are mine.  
These to no power unquestion'd we resign.  
These who invades, or rich, or learn'd, or high,  
His meet reward, drinks satire's chalice dry.

'Twas thus of old, when plague his arrows sped—  
(Of moral plagues we have our store instead—)  
Thy lazarets, fair Venice, could confine  
The noblest, proudest, of each ancient line ;  
Great names, for whom immortal Titian wrought,  
And gave to time each beaming brow of thought ;  
Yet stern o'er these the state-physician stood,  
And stoutly drenched them for the public good.

*B.*—So be it. For the guilty, great or rich,  
Her cup let satire, conscience have her twitch.

*A.*—Yet rank, with crime though stained, hath me  
a charm

Satire to soothe, nay, conscience to disarm.  
Where, chafing at the bold affront, he sits,  
Levée'd by hungry knaves and fawning wits,  
See venal eloquence—oh ! task unmeet—  
Cull fairest flowers and strew them at his feet.  
See poesy, that plies a shameless trade,  
A prostitute in vestal robes arrayed,  
For him her lyre attune, and wreath her bays,  
And brim, with Hebe smile, her cup of praise,  
Whose lulling draught, like oil to waves applied,  
Steals o'er each rising throb of guilt and pride.

Gold too, thou puissant lord where'er we roam,  
Yet Britons find thee tyrant most at home,

Standard with us of manners and of worth,  
 Far more than virtue—rival even of birth.  
 On every rank though now this rule be prest,  
 “Rise if thou canst—keep sternly down the rest,”  
 Even where fro<sup>r</sup>ze coteries their ice oppose,  
 Thy ray can pierce, dissolving as it goes ;  
 Slides through saloons for proud precedence built,  
 And glints its softening hues on vulgarest guilt.  
 Peeps forth some stigma, wresting honour’s groan,  
 “True, ’tis a blotch, but such as friend may own.”  
 But where the Pylades who dares to note  
 With recognition frank a threadbare coat ?

*B.*—Thus guarded, why attempt the rich—the great ?  
 Let the muse pause, admonish’d ere too late,  
 Ere yet, suspended by a single thread,  
 Stern “*ex officio*” tremble o’er her head.  
 Let learning, talent, weep o’er Wakefield’s tomb,  
 Share thou the grief, but shun the kindred doom.



A.—True some have made a quarry of a king,  
But found a minister a dangerous thing ;  
Tenacious, sensitive, resentful more,  
Whilst even the best are ticklish, if not sore.  
'Twas thus when once a sprightly kid had dared  
The lion's den, the generous despot spared,  
But spared in vain.—He 'scaped the monarch's might  
To die beneath the snarling jackal's bite.

Yet laureate Dryden, in no sparing sort,  
Could lash, by turns, the people and the court.  
On glowing wheels the satire swept along,  
And no stern judge forbade the sounding song.

Pope followed next ; by toil, by genius fit,  
To point the lightest dart of polished wit ;  
To bend no less firm reason's bow of strength,  
And give the high-drawn arrow all its length ;

With art, to all beside himself denied,  
 And such successful art that art to hide,  
 His best aimed hit seemed but a casual glance,  
 And labour's finished work th' effect of chance.  
 His too a sportive scorn—the happy mean  
 Satire's fierce frown and ribald jest between—  
 A tempered vein : yet feared not less by all,  
 The court, the town, the senate and the hall.  
 His pen, untired, successive lustres saw,  
 Yet on he wrote, and still unscathed by law.

Churchill, e'en him, the eloquent, the coarse,  
 The gifted spendthrift, profligate of force,  
 Spirit and power to scorn, degrade, belie,—  
 Even him our Dracos of the day passed by.  
 Statesmen of purer then, or hardier frame,  
 Or shunned the vice, or stoutly dared the blame.  
 Our prudish age, more sensitively nice,  
 Starts from the blame and merely hugs the vice.

*B.*—Yet these, your wits, oft leapt the boundary line,  
The manor right, which conscience must define.  
Even when from sportive mood the chase arose,  
Hatred too oft came mangling at the close.

*A.* Yet one there was who spurned the lawless taint,—  
Monster ! how rare ! The poet and the saint !  
Cowper—who, keen and free to choose his ground,  
Still made the fence of truth his satire's bound ;  
Winged lighter follies with no rancorous aim,  
And when he smote a vice, yet spared the name.

So still be satire's chemistry refined,  
The good drawn forth, mere acrid left behind.  
Nay, when, perchance, some glowing guilt may seem  
To claim, in public right, her last extreme,  
Yet, let her think how oft th' envenomed blame  
Of falsehood's ' tongue hath scarred some noblest name,

And, check'd awhile, suspend the bitter cup,  
Lest Socrates himself should drain it up.

Nor turn away, even when hard words she use,  
Nor always quite refined, our moral muse.  
If busied oft amid the worthless brood,  
Her best-loved themes are still the wise and good;  
And strained, betimes, to weave satiric lays,  
She strikes her favourite lyre to virtue's praise.

Just so, within that loathsome prison gate,  
'Mid guilt and crime, and ribald laugh and hate,  
Yon female saint, with steadfast footsteps, moves,  
And bears the ill, because the good she loves;  
Untainted walks amid that tainted leaven,  
Sees earth's worst part, and communes still with heaven.

And thou, my master-bard, to whom belong  
The heights, at once, of satire and sweet song;

Whom, as I read, my humbled hopes incline  
Still but to read, and blot each verse of mine ;  
Though in thy strain harsh notes erewhile prevail,  
“ Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail ;”  
Yet, led by thee, what purest thoughts engage !  
With thee I rock a mother’s cradled age <sup>3</sup>,  
Or following Harley to his dungeon cell,  
“ When the last lingering friend hath bade farewell <sup>4</sup>,”  
There learn, contemptuous of all meaner fame,  
That poesy and virtue are the same <sup>5</sup>.

*B.*—So stout your plea—almost I deem that you,  
In nature’s spite, would join the scribbling crew.

*A.*—Ironic, flout not thus the race sublime,  
Founders of souls—immortal heirs of time ;  
When laws are changed, when dynasties are gone,  
Names that shall live transcendent and alone.

When ruin drives, as ruin oft hath driven,  
O'er realms, the favoured realms long deemed of heaven ;  
Thy peopled shores, my more than native land,  
Far be the day, like Tyre's, a desert strand ;  
Yet then—if prophet thought unscorned may press  
Through time's far scope, nor faint beneath the stress—  
O'er southern isles, now struggling from the deep,  
When busy sounds of population sweep,  
To dusky tribes shall these their power impart,  
And of new clustering nations build the heart ;  
Whilst coral reefs, where now but sea-birds throng,  
Learn Bacon's sense and echo Milton's song.

Proud lot is his, whose comprehensive soul,  
Keen for the parts, capacious for the whole,  
Thought's mingled hues can separate, dark from bright,  
Like the fine lens that sifts the solar light ;  
Then recompose again th' harmonious rays,  
And pour them powerful in collected blaze—

Wakening, where'er they glance, creations new,  
In beauty steeped, nor less to nature true.  
With eloquence that hurls from reason's throne  
A voice of might, or pleads in pity's tone ;  
To agitate, to melt, to win, to soothe,  
Yet kindling ever on the side of truth ;  
Or swerving, not by interest warped awry,  
But erring in his heart's deep fervency ;  
Genius for him asserts the unthwarted claim,  
With these to mate — the sacred Few of fame—  
Explore, like them, new regions for mankind,  
And leave, like theirs, a deathless name behind.

But ne'er for me 'twas meant, with daring prow,  
To cleave wide oceans, unexplored till now ;  
And having gained some yet sea-shrouded clime,  
Scale with intrepid foot its cliffs sublime ;  
Then point to some untravelled upland's brow,  
Or green savannah, sweetly spread below ;

Or, gaily plunging thro' some fresh-found glade,  
 Invite the rest "to choice of sun and shade;"  
 Strange stream to track, that plays 'mid unnam'd flowers,  
 Of sweeter scent, or brighter hue than ours;  
 Or taste the fruit, yet plucked by none but me,  
 Or the wild honey, spoil of forest bee.  
 Enough for me, to whom benignant heaven,  
 That still dooms best, far humbler lot hath given;  
 Enough for me, remote from tracks of praise,  
 To stray through well-known fields by trodden ways;  
 Musing of things, tho' neither new nor deep,  
 Well pleased to smile, and not too cold to weep;  
 Content, tho' conscious of no lofty call,  
 And if not high, thence fearless of a fall.

Yet in our Carib isle, young savage yet,  
 —My earliest playmates of the race of jet;  
 With whom, unclad, I climb'd and crawl'd at will,  
 And loved them then—and love in memory still;




There, if some palm-tree, to my wondering sight,  
Strained up aloft—as seemed to infinite ;  
Or, flung from thunder-cloud, down-clashing rain  
Tore the live rock, then upward steamed amain ;  
Or when some day of languid heat was done,  
And woke the land-breeze to the setting sun,  
Wafting—how sweet ! its perfumed snatches by  
From citrons or ananas clustering nigh ;  
Or when from 'mid night's darkly blue expanse,  
Bright tropic stars by myriads met my glance ;  
Or countless fire-flies, frisking as in mirth,  
Twinkled along, my little stars of earth ;  
All these, if fancy cheat not, breathed for me—  
Young savage yet—their silent poesy 6.

But when, o'er years, as yet, of lore quite scant,  
Uprose the horn-book—glorious visitant !  
The muses came with that expanding day,  
First pious Watts, then—strange transition—Gray !

A chance-found book ! Oh ! how I loved to read  
Of **kingly** Odin and the coal black steed—  
The gory shuttle, tossed from hand to hand,  
And all the mysteries of that Runic land.  
Still 'mid the depths my childish thought was drown'd,  
But when the sense I miss'd I hung upon the sound.


The sacred volume, too, in that fond time,  
Would stir me with its beauteous or sublime;  
Yet pictures more than precepts : for each age  
Culls its own lore from that all-pregnant page.  
There novice childhood pores with earnest eye,  
There learns the man to live, the sire to die.

Then every image won, when all was new,  
And more to win, the wondrous was the true ;  
The stork, who knows th' appointed hour at hand ;  
The turtle heard soft murmuring thro' the land ;



Ships that to Ophir or to Tarshish sail ;  
Leviathan—Behemoth—mighty whale !  
Then too the Cherubim and sword of flame,  
And Red Sea rushing round as Egypt came ;  
And burning bush, and that dread issuing voice—  
Darkness and void—all bade my heart rejoice !  
And then, as now, I thrilled beneath prose speech  
Of loftier power than verse shall ever reach.

Next he, the lord of each upgrowing mind,  
Poet and legislator of mankind,  
Next Homer came—as yet, not he of Greek,  
But Homer, such as Pope had made him speak.  
What vows were straight for every hero'sped,—  
Whilst, as minds willed it, or the poet led,  
We parted, like Scamander's branching tide,  
This to the Grecian, this the Trojan side ;  
Then with mock sword, and slate, our mimic shield,  
Hector or Ajax, overfought each field !



Even now, when years their dawning tints of rose  
Have lost, and hopes, like flowers, are fain to close ;  
Even now I feel o'er life's descending hour  
Steal back those joys with recollected power ;  
My school-boy days around me group anew,  
And the heart's witness vouches Rogers true !

Thee, Shakspeare, half might memory overlook,  
For thou to me wert nature more than book.  
To thee my days, my nights, I loved to give,  
Nor deemed thee lore, but read—and seemed to live !

A further day maturer pleasures brought,  
Yet feeling still was powerful over thought ;  
Then proud I heard the pomp of Dryden roll,  
And humbly dared to measure Milton's soul.

Nay, I confess, in those tumultuous hours  
When future life seemed glory all or flowers,

Yet to myself unknown—then who can blame?—  
I ~~too~~ have felt the calenture of fame.

As one who sails with some long-lingering fleet,  
Till his brain fevers with the tropic heat,  
In the green hue that clothes the barren seas,  
Views his own native fields, his village trees ;  
Vision or truth in vain he questions o'er,  
The strong delusion gains him more and more ;  
Till down he dashes 'mid the ravening foam,  
And the wave closes o'er his dream of home.

So on my youth the strong temptation came,  
The cheating view, the feverish thirst of fame.  
To me her sterile waves, her storm-ridged sands,  
Were thrifty meadows all and plough-turn'd lands.  
Long time I gazed, long ponder'd o'er the brink,  
And all but took the desperate plunge—in ink.

*B.*—A sad disease ! If e'er the case recur,  
And hellebore and blister fail of cure,  
Why, let the critic lancet breathe a vein,  
And free from folly at the expense of pain.

*A.*—Nor need. For, disenchanted now by truth,  
Stand forth in real guise the dreams of youth.  
Dicers I know them now in desperate game,  
Mad joustiers in the tournament of fame,  
Where the too tempting prize though thousands miss,  
Yet every rash adventurer deems it his.  
—Mere doting usurers, their last guinea lent,  
Even avarice dozed in dreams of cent. per cent.,  
Whom hope, long promiser that seldom pays,  
Cheats with post obit bonds of distant praise.

How blest are they to whom the immortal lyre  
Yields their full joy to listen and admire,

What anxious hopes, what jealous fears arise,  
Ourselves the candidates and fame the prize.

The student pale, with glory's passion fraught,  
To glory gives his daily, nightly thought ;  
Day following day, long week succeeding week,  
More strong his love, and paler grows his cheek,  
Whilst to that inner heart's consuming glow  
The lofty mistress still replies him " No."  
Yet still lured on, tho' trembling for his pains,  
When of ten blotted lines scarce one remains ;  
Of love, of fear, he knows each anxious turn,  
Now fondly prizes, gladly now would burn :  
Till blest, at length, in Bulmer's loveliest dress,  
Proudly his babe he shows, his darling of the press

But as, not seldom, o'er the peasant's field,  
His children's bread, with doubt, with rapture till'd

Comes sudden blight to mar his fondest aim,—

So fares it with the toiling serf of fame.

Too soon, on hurrying wings, or grey or blue,

Sweeps o'er his hopes the Demon of review,

Casts on his babe an eye of evil power,

And withers all his greatness in an hour.

Struggles awhile the strong but shrinking pride,

The hapless frame with genius still allied,

Struggles awhile, in vain, then, bending low,

Disdains, yet bows in anguish to the blow.

Spirits, I know, there are of steadfast force,

With genius linked, steel-strung and yet not coarse,

That proved, not worsted, in the Herculean thrall,

Rise, like Antæus, stronger from the fall.

But they, the most, whom weaker nerves sustain,

Shrink, like the plant, instinctive from the pain ;

Whilst some, like Keats, heart stricken over-much,

Whilst the world sneer'd, have died beneath the touch.



Or grant, perchance, the splendid guerdon gained ;  
Springs sorrow sudden on the good attained.  
The critic's jest though scaped, or truth severe,  
Yet comes the foe's loud laugh or silent sneer ;  
Whilst every dunce would mar the hard-won fame,  
And mix his hisses with the world's acclaim.

Nor foes alone, nor dunces, shall combine ;—  
Even he, that earliest, best-loved friend of thine,  
With whom thou brak'st the bread of trusting truth,  
Sheltering beneath the sacred tents of youth ;  
With him, so love had planned, through scenes to go  
Of mingled pleasure or partaken woe ;  
The last affections of the parting man,  
To close in fondness as the boy's began ;—  
Even he, at length, takes up the torturer's part,  
With surer knowledge barbs the unthought of dart,  
Or drives the poniard right into the heart.

Monster of faith ! or should the friend forbear ;  
 Should foes molest not, nay, should dunces spare ;  
 Yet wait not less, to nip or prose, or rhyme,  
 The silent blights, the sealing frosts of time.  
 Men fade like leaves ! Leaves, budded from the pen,—  
 Forgive the equivoque,—fade fast as men.  
 Fanned by hope's vernal breeze, awhile they play,  
 Or fondly flaunt in glory's summer ray ;  
 But o'er their freshness steals th' unheeded year,  
 Words change their hues, and very thought grows sere,  
 'Till winter comes to rend each lingering name,  
 And prove how few the evergreens of fame.

Even ye, majestic band, to whom I owe,  
 By turns, or lofty thrill, or pause from woe ;  
 Even ye, far beaming lights from centuries past,  
 Or so despondence deems, shall fade at last.  
 O'er surging years, our arts our arms that whelm,  
 Shall unborn races drift, or guide the helm,

Nor heed, perchance, amid their fate or care,  
To ask of old Tradition what we were.  
Then by that deluge sea, our destined grave,  
Shall lonely Silence sit, and watch the wave,  
Where of all glory's peaks, now proudly steep,  
Scarce one lone Ararat shall spot the deep.

*B.*—Enough ! when talk thus allegoric grows,  
Fain would I yawn, and wish it at a close.

*A.*—Then here we part. Yet end we here to say  
This hand may ne'er presume to claim the bay.  
For me more fit, at leisure stretch'd along,  
My days to cheat with charm of others' song,  
And court in peace, nor mocked at nor admired,  
Th' unpurchased duties of a life retired.  
From guilt, from hate, as best I may, aloof ;  
Too weak to cast, too shy to meet reproof ;

Yet proud, in virtue's cause, faint voice to raise,  
 And be, for one brief hour, the thing I praise ;  
 Well pleased, meanwhile, to see once more commence  
 The reign of temperate Fancy, leagued with Sense ;  
 And, if the lash were plied with honest view,  
 Not much displeased that Sense were Satire too.



## RHYMED PLEA FOR TOLERANCE.

### DIALOGUE II.

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“ For the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.”

2 Cor. iii. 6.

A.—THAT preacher's strain I never could approve,  
Who, but in dribblets, dwells on Christian love ;  
And when, in sooth, not wholly passing by,  
Seems not so much to teach, as not deny ;  
Nay—deem theology, too much, of late,  
Contracts the narrow—straitens still the strait.

And though, at length, our senatorial band,  
Reluctantly—with cold and grudging hand—

Hath loosed faith's sterner statutes—yet a few  
Retained, for old misdeeds to gall the Jew—  
Those sterner statutes custom's iron pen,  
Rased from the books, writes deeply still on men.

Love—the mere deed—drips oft from saving sense,  
And many a slow concession filters thence ;  
—But largest Prudence ne'er was Virtue's whole <sup>1</sup>,  
Whose Love—a spirit—gushes from the soul.

And thus, even now, our world may little spare  
Of Tolerance, that might win it to forbear,  
For Pride aye wields an over-ready rod  
To smite the wretch denounced a waif from God ;  
—Nor slow, meanwhile, her own harsh heart to please  
With that old unction, “ I am not like These.”

*B.*—If gush Our Love in no strong jet that towers,  
To fall, refreshing round, in rainbow showers;  
This praise, at least, accord us, “Faith is Ours.” }

*A.*—Alone, where faith and charity combine  
Religion deigns to rear her genuine shrine;  
There finds companionship of kindred birth,  
And then, as once the angels, walks on earth.

And can I then but feel the deep offence,  
When stern intolerance leagued, and low pretence,  
In that pure fane, with foul intrusion, nest,  
And crush her births—the loveliest and the best!

Such tax religion pays—her glory’s price—  
Her style usurped by every masquing vice.  
Pebbles—though bright—fraud takes small heed to them,  
But every rogue would counterfeit the gem.



*B.*—Nay now beware.

*A.*—Of all the wraths that b  
 A saint's, unsainted, is, I know, the worst ;  
 To lash the dire offence at once they turn,  
 And still, when conscious most, most fiercely burn.  
 But if the just reproof—your harder fate—  
 For plaint no room allow, nor open hate ;  
 Each to his den, like venom'd adders crept,  
 Watchful the while, but moveless as they slept,  
 Some dark reprisal, there, they brood and hatch,  
 With deep low cunning, wisdom's overmatch.  
 Oh ! thou, believe them never. If they swear,  
 Look to thyself, and still the more beware ;  
 For he, who listens, walks, in treacherous trust,  
 O'er burning lava, and a fragile crust \*.

\* ——— incedis per ignes

Supposito cineri doloso.—HORAT. CARM.

*B.*—Then wherefore speak ?

*A.*—Yet why should I be mute ?

If right, allow me—or if wrong, refute.

What jesuit doctrine wins us to applaud,

Where interest hints the gain, a pious fraud ?

What schoolman's logic strains us to confess

A lie may suit with honest purposes ?

For us ; who flowers in honour's path would strew,

Nor much averse " to give the devil his due,"

We still will hold it shame and bitter ruth,

Where interest-minted falsehoods pass for truth.

And lo !—a church now beards each brothel door,

Yet Vice lives on as sensual as before.

To each its votaries throng and plight their troth,

And one same congregation serves for both.

For loitering worshipper small space allowed,  
Now gasping aisles scarce hold the Sunday crowd.  
Yet, let thine eye pursue—God's service o'er—  
Each solemn group through home's re-opening door;  
There mark how soon the world resumes its place,  
And earthly lusts rush in on heavenly grace.  
See caustic slander there, see sneering craft  
Mix up for thirsty hate some well-spiced draught;  
Which lips, just reverent from the sacred cup,  
Shall welcome with keen smile and drain it up.

Such, oft, is faith. A pageant but for gaze,  
A gold-fringed drapery, wrought for public days :  
Which to a closet, for the most, we trust,  
And, but for sabbath duty, cleanse from dust!

As pilgrims, whose devotions else might faint,  
Will worship oft the image for the saint ;

As grasping misers come, ere long, to prize  
Gold for itself, yet more than what it buys ;  
Thus soon the soul to mere external leans,  
High ends forgets, and meanly dotes on means ;  
And, as in social, so in sacred, clings  
Not to the spirit, but the forms of things ;  
Can brook indifference in a well-cut coat,  
But slights the love, where wafer wets the note ;  
Earth views and skies, nor worships at the view ;  
But, once a week, prays stoutly in a pew.  
Just sees, just feels, as custom shifts the prism,  
And—born a spirit—dies—a formalism.

Might'st thou, even thou, most admirable Paul,  
Quit, for brief season, heaven's eternal hall,  
And for mere saint announced—nor more—nor less,  
Just prove our thresholds, in some modest dress,  
With locks ill shorn, and labour-hardened skin,  
I know not house polite would let thee in ;

Nor, spite of all those glorious gifts of thine,  
What bishop's civil wife would ask to dine.

But though devotion's shows, probed more and more,  
Might still be found more hollow at the core;  
Belief, not practice, prized at highest rate,  
Barren belief, or fruitful most in hate;  
Yet, as each age, of cheerfulness or gloom,  
On its own pilgrims dons its own costume;  
As guilds, whate'er the individual man,  
Wear all one cloak—the livery of the clan;  
So universal Britain now—no less,  
Her motley motives shrouds in “godliness,”  
—As smugglers clap run goods beneath a pall—  
And that mere skin-deep covering serves for all.

And yet my friend, by no irreverence stirr'd,  
At “godliness” that mocks, I name that word!

Paul's word, no doubt, when, with uplifted hand,  
He taught, at Athens, 'mid the Gentile band ;  
Or when, in Judah, 'gainst her ancient yoke  
He strove, and Felix trembled as he spoke.

But "godliness" then told of faith and love,  
Mild duties here, and holiest hopes above ;  
Now some mere thought of ritual import brings :  
Things change with times and meanings change with  
things.

Some flashy hand-bill spreads the news of grace<sup>2</sup>,  
"To-day, a mission meeting will have place."  
Prompt at the call, pure faith, pretence, and sin,  
Interest and fear, strange medley, all rush in.  
There pious hope, there wide expanding love  
Join in one prayer, to speed the herald dove.  
There, too, each scheming son of trade attends,  
This, keen to gain—this, fearing loss of, friends.

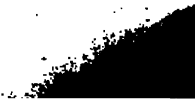
Poor Cliens owns such summons sad for him,  
Still he must fail not,—'tis my lady's whim.  
The village Galen, groaning inwardly,  
Contributes there, perforce, his hard-earn'd fee.  
Glad sectaries profit by the occasion lent,  
To waft o'er distant fields the dear dissent.  
There too the rector's glebe its produce pours,  
Seed for new church on far Australian shores ;  
Which, so he deems, to future tithe shall grow ;  
Whilst deans expand and purple bishops blow.  
The borough member too must join the tribe,  
For speech, well timed, may save a costlier bribe—  
There too his lordship comes—perhaps a prank ?  
Nor so—the chair, 'tis thought, befits his rank ;  
And, Ascot o'er, play slack at every hell,  
“ The thing seems proper,” and “ he might as well.”

Love-feast is this, where brother links with brother  
Or gamester club, where each would pluck the other

*B.*—Yet, in one bark and pledged one course to steer,  
These must be tolerant, if not quite sincere.

*A.*—Creeds—inward—outward—doctrine of old sects,  
Philosophy hath borne, but heaven rejects.  
God scarce may yield the conscience thus to trim ;  
Mixed motives are for man ; the one for Him.  
Though worldly shrewdness worldly work may do,  
He loves alone the simple and the true.

Nay more. As kings, who cling to right divine,  
Freedom to crush, though jealous, yet combine ;  
So these, though differing each, all join to assail  
Who rashly dares to stand without their pale.  
Nor him avails on truth, for aid, to call,  
Nor, Samson-like, assay to shake their wall ;  
That shaken wall, if chance so far he win,  
Shall, with its block and rubble, overwhelm him in.





*B.*—Though falsehood thus may cowl opinion in,  
Or timid prudence veil, to falsehood kin,  
Yet frankness hence may show his truth more true,  
Nor lacks a generous grace for error too.

*A.*—So dreams the youth.—Age dreads the tongue  
may slip,  
And presses close the finger on the lip ;  
And pondering what the cunning Frenchman said<sup>3</sup>,  
“ That truths there are to show and truths to shade,”  
Tames to meek <sup>it</sup> ~~mean~~ avowal's earlier pride,  
And even from friendship's ear submits to hide.

Hence warmth, nor honest doubt, is licensed here,  
For hypocrites denounce each doubt—a sneer.  
Frankness himself they strain, through fear, to aid,  
Unwilling partner in the dirty trade.  
For touch the mystery these, their rights, enclose,  
Hint, or but look, what each in secret knows ;

And, "drug the bowl," they shout ; "prepare the rods,"  
 "For he, like Socrates, denies the gods !"

Teacher of truth, be this thy gracious charter,  
 To live imprisoned, or to die a martyr.  
 This Jesus, and this Galileo knew,  
 Stern lessons ! taught by Christian and by Jew.  
 And thou, geologist, take timely heed,  
 Nor let a quarry quarrel with a creed.

Truth may lie, fossil, in some cave, no doubt ;  
 'twere a mad success to win her out ;  
 Ere thou lead, or she come safely forth,  
 Must return once more to earth.

Or trailing on the ground,  
 Faith's horizon bound ;  
 Ere is virtue's test,  
 Gives, for each is best.

Let knowledge upward win from view to view,  
But drag not—strain not with Procrustian screw.

“Duty, you say, must rise in truth’s defence.”  
But duty, oft, is temper’s mere pretence.  
And ne’er is soul so surely sway’d to evil,  
As when, in guise of conscience, tempts the devil.  
—And if a heart be found, which rarely flies /  
To the fond need of human sympathies,  
’Tis there Intolerance loves to fix her place,  
Proud, as old Stylite, of her narrow base,  
And wider worship views with aspect sour,  
And crooks and more contracts from hour to hour.

There too, where social loves refuse to shoot,  
Did ancient persecution strike his root,  
And nourished by the sigh, the tear, the groan,  
In Upas-desolation frowned alone,

Or raged, like tiger, who of human blood  
Hath proved the scent, and fiercely craves his food.

But "certainties, you hold, should doubt exclude"—  
'Twixt sect and sect, yet where the certitude?  
For very truth their dogmas all profess,  
And who may dare decide 'twixt guess and guess?  
Various our means, one same our right to scan;  
The judgment is for God, and not for man;  
And if that judgment of the all-seeing throne,  
No thought may dare, yet tolerance is our own.

*B.*—But judge we must.

*A.*—Then let no blinding pride  
Of dogmatism, but mild heart decide.  
Where his own wisdom bounds his mercy's store,  
The veriest sage in charity is poor.

Perchance, who doomed us thus to disagree,  
Planned this arena for our charity ;  
For beauteous end, bade virtue, weakness, join,  
And turns our freedom's self to discipline.  
By many a step we mount heaven's awful stair,  
And love fits here, as knowledge waits us there.

If e'er some slight misgiving thou should'st know  
Of present creed—for thought will ebb and flow—  
Straight, from thyself, the passing lesson take,  
And spare another's for thine own mind's sake.  
Faith, vowed unchangeable, may win thee sorrow,  
When light to-day appears less light tomorrow.

But if thine own peculiar faith be fixed,  
Yet earth is fully wide for creeds commixed.  
Or, grant, that all must fuse to one consent,  
Love more hath won than ever argument.

Nor need thine argument be rasping file ;  
Pour forth the milk of reason, not its bile.  
Nay, if by foe ungentle scorn be shown,  
Bear his intolerance and chain down thine own.

*B.*—But, strongly feeling, strongly we express.

*A.*—Yet permanence how little waits on stress !  
Half-Christian Plato ! long thy mild controul  
Clung to the musings of the thoughtful soul ;  
Whilst harsher lore—the cynic's bitter flow,  
And all the dogmas of the Portico,  
Dictators once—ruled but their little year,—  
A story now—a moral—or a sneer.

*B.*—“ But principles we hate, and not the man.”

*A.*—’Tis dangerous thus to balance on a span ;

For spite each nice distinction, logic-spun,  
Thinker and thought, to common minds, are one.  
Not Calvin's self could snap the vulgar tether,  
So burned the man and principles together.  
Give Law her sword—to Faith her bough of peace ;  
For conscience Faith was meant, and not police ;  
No petty constable at wake or fair,  
But the heart's silent guardian everywhere.

*B.*—" Not peace I came to send ye, but a sword."  
'Tis Scripture text.

*A.*—And Calvin's ill-strained word<sup>b</sup>.  
Calvin—who made God's judgment—fore-decree,  
And, but some gloomier Dis, his deity ;  
Whose doctrine was a Babel, jargoned o'er  
With strifes of thought, as strifes of tongue, before ;

—Election—reprobation—terms as clear  
As ancient Asia's mystic character,  
The pilgrim puzzling, as he stoops to pick  
From some half dubious site his lettered brick.  
—Or catacomb, 'mid whose dim caverns crost,  
Man " finds no end, in wandering mazes lost."

The particle divine—the guiding spark—  
Love, that, like sun-beam, beckons through the dark,  
On Her I call'd, to cheer the abhorred gloom,  
And echo'd every vault—" Predestined Doom."

*B.*—Yet now—no Rothschild—greedy king to soothe,  
Is strained to yield an ingot—or a tooth<sup>6</sup>.  
No star-chambers their penal dues devise,  
Then, priest-like, feed upon the sacrifice.  
—The *race* were bigot then:—now—each, at need,  
Finds, at least here,—fit couch to suit his creed.



A. -And if thou choose some couch of theirs, 'tis well—  
Or lend thy single wave their tides to swell ;  
But self-supporting faith, that swears to none,  
Or pledges sacrament to God alone,  
—Such as our holy Milton chose at last—  
At this by every hand some stone is cast.—

Hence worldly calculation leagues with sect,  
Where breastworks guard and battle lines protect ;  
And, like shrewd knave, enlisted regular,  
Claims surety from acknowledged rights of war ;  
Whilst the poor clown, unprivileged by drill ?,  
Home who defends, is hanged or shot at will,

Thus faith, that fain, would seem communion high,  
—Let truth be told,—full oft is policy ;  
A home-insurance—a prudential plan—  
By some avowed—through God to manage man.

*B.*—Yet pause and say—this policy austere,  
Till our third George's day scarce thriving here,  
Whence sprouts it now ?

*A.*—From league of pride and fear ;

From league of anxious pride and courage lax,  
For sway their sceptre, for defence, their tax ;  
Such two-fold sword, as cunning fencers wield,  
At once an edge to smite, and ward to shield.


When lofty Charles and ancient privilege  
Of new-mailed liberty first felt the siege,  
Then first old England rather groan'd, than rang,  
With godly hymns and Barebones' nasal twang.  
But then, not less, the godless cavalier  
Flung his loose ballad on th' offended ear ;  
And still, for so extremes extremes provoke,  
Mocked the prim preachment with the ribald joke.

A following century struck a wiser mean ;  
The mass was then more cheerful, but more clean.  
Yet then un-prudish Addison could win,  
Then Pope deem'd raillery, unstarch'd, no sin ;  
Then scornful Swift could frolic with free touch,  
And Peachum pleased a race that robb'd not much.  
Some even have played with Congreve's comic lyre<sup>8</sup>,  
Nor felt the tinder temp'rament take fire.  
War with pretence satiric Fielding waged,  
Yet thousands read of Blifil unenraged ;  
(For least who feign are least by banter crost,  
'Tis doubtful titles stir the passions most ;)  
And follies forth, and forth even vices streamed,  
Yet man, meanwhile, was better than he seem'd.

And then—though Wesley—strong in fervent youth<sup>9</sup>,  
Strong in man's weakness, strong in his own truth,  
Followers, ere long, drew round him—hope and fear—  
Rueful pretence, and penitence sincere ;

Votaries, the most with little to resign,  
Hunger from workshops, labour from the mine ;  
And though erewhile, at pride's or faith's command,  
Some titled dowager would head the band ;  
For stimulants still charm fair devotee,  
Chapel for church—for writ, extempore— ;  
And though a court, more decent than before,  
With cowl and hood court vices covered o'er  
And cast from Windsor's towers a monkish gloom ;  
Yet frankness still had genial air and room—  
Free, in the main, to pray—or sport—at will—  
And our dear land was “ merry England ” still.

—But when, as chanced, from limbs and wearied reins,  
France, slavery-stung, burst body-bands and chains ;  
Some were rejoiced—some doubted—some were sad—  
But all, at length, allowed her freedom mad—  
Most for our own proclaimed a muzzle right,  
Some would have slain—so much they feared the bite.



The danger, seen through mist, loomed large and near,  
And reason—principles—were lost in fear.

Then ancient statesmen took their daily range  
Round one small spot, and shuddering talked of change.  
—Or, niched, discreet, behind prescription's shield,  
In his own wrong, urged valour to the field.  
Wealth, mid his coffers, feared th' approaching war,  
And ribboned title trembled for his star ;  
Vague unused terrors crept upon the brave,  
And scarce the scornful bar its scorn could save.  
The ready pulpit joined the statesman's game, .  
And Freedom walked our British soil in shame.

And then, though some of wiser, loftier views,  
By meditation kindled, or the muse,  
With peril not unthreatened, took their stand,  
And taught "unawed amid a slavish band <sup>10</sup>,"

**E'**en these, though strong to bid the few rejoice,  
Yet found no echo in the general voice ;  
For still, o'er leaden brains and hearts of clay,  
Philosophy and song both died away.

Nor well-starred they, to whom, in that sharp hour,  
Heaven gave the gifts of genius and of power,  
And poured upon their spirits, like a flood,  
The heroic instincts of the pure and good.—  
In world-shunn'd solitude alone they stood,  
Feared and yet scorned,—half excommunicate,  
Detraction joyed on all their steps to wait,  
And infant foes were taught to lisp in hate.

Nor strange, if then, by force prevailing prest,  
—For still 'mid storm the pliant fares the best—  
Apostate natures recantation sung ;  
And straight with vigour, virulent as young,  
Almost to blood the ready rabble stung ;

When Priestley, driven in distant lands to roam <sup>11</sup>,  
Himself the flames scarce 'scaped that wrapt his home

—But thou, transcendent Burke, ambiguous sage,  
Great light, at once, yet darkener of our age ;  
Beneath thy home's necessities severe  
A pensioned pleader, yet of soul sincere <sup>12</sup> ;  
If thou, when zeal to blinding passion grew,  
Could'st overlook the many for the few ;  
Lend thy strong hand to prop proud prelate lord,  
And o'er the serf keep hung the feudal sword :  
Yet that all-grasping sense, that fancy's fire,  
That pictured speech, far ages shall admire ;  
That intellectual chivalry, whose pride  
Was glorious combat on the weaker side ;  
That generous heart, which saw th' Oppressor low,  
Then “ quite forgot his vices in his woe.”

Such was the cup that met my youngling lip,  
And pressed in friendly guise, not hard to sip ;  
Yet from the draught full soon I learn'd to shrink,  
As healthful stomachs loathe the sick man's drink.  
Smooth as it was—and well contrived to steep  
The drowsing sense in slavery's icy sleep ;  
Yet then, as nature kindly willed it should,  
Forth from the tempting evil leapt a good ;  
Th' o'erstrong narcotic played a wholesome part,  
And, with redeeming nausea, cleans'd the heart.

—Then first it was, in rising manhood warm,  
'Only I dared to gaze on Freedom's form.  
Some high born Grecian maid she seemed to be,  
With open brow, and wild eye glancing free—  
Wild glancing eye, that yet could flash a frown,  
If need there were, to awe presumption down.  
Won by her look, enraptured by her touch,  
At glowing twenty I might glow too much ;



But now the headlong age, that deems amiss,  
Is past—and knowledge shows her as she is,  
In the clear mirror of calm judging truth,  
Almost the vision of my earliest youth ;  
Even now, if force at home, or foreign arms,  
Would quell that glancing eye, or soil those charms ;  
If lustful kings should mark her for their prey,  
Or the vile mob, more fierce and lewd than they ;  
Even now, with deeper, holier love adored,  
I fly to shield or save her with the sword.

Yes—kings might learn, if truth could reach a throne,  
That Freedom's dearest rights are all their own.  
That where the generous soul hath leave to start,  
Quickened themselves, and quickening every heart,  
They lead, in willing pomp, a nobler throng,  
Than e'er for Asian despot poured along,  
Lead to heroic life, or glorious graves ;  
But themselves wither in a land of slaves.

to wisdom deems. So Britain deemed no more,  
And exiled Freedom fled the scoffing shore !

But common natures ever need a clog.  
—'Twas hence sagacious Æsop feigned his log—  
And Freedom, queen of willing service, gone,  
Hypocrisy usurped the vacant throne ;  
Cheered by the proud—the rich—the base—the dull,  
And every fool, too cold to play the fool—  
All in one grave demeanour primly deckt,  
—For gravity still cheats with most effect—  
City and court, all false and all afraid,  
Low at her feet their solemn mummeries played.  
The sneering sceptic there, to swell the band,  
Linked with the noisy bigot, hand-in-hand ;  
There bold impetuous speed, on fire to go,  
Reined in by cautious dulness, paced it slow ;  
And there, with all beguiling, few beguiled,  
Augur looked augur in the face, nor smiled<sup>13</sup>.—

Then frightened wealth, as new-scared converts use,  
Repaired church pulpits and re-lined his pews ;  
For years unseen, there knelt at morning prayer,  
And when he took his evening nap, 'twas there.

Nor less, in grave committee, was he seen,  
The district-Draco, with demurest mien ;  
Whilst brief decorum nursed a double zest  
For the coarse story and the tawdry jest.

“ When evil men conspire, the good combine : ”  
This flamed their flag device, their motto line.  
By this each mummer vowed, not swore, to stand,  
And new-born statutes vermined thro' the land.  
'Twas then, like loathsome worm, in loathsome sty,  
The rank informer swelled and prompter spy—  
How fostered there let wiser heads decide,  
By love for virtue or the hates of pride.

—'Twas thus by pride and fear the pact was built,  
 When Godliness held forth his hand to guilt ;  
 Yet hence his own snug vice each fondles free,  
 Safe in the cloak of that free-masonry.—  
 So when our Bacchus of the colonnade  
 To cheap champagne invites <sup>^</sup>or masquerade,  
 —Christian and Jew, coarse manners and foul skin,  
 Beneath the shrouding domino all slip in.

Then vaunt we not of “ pious.”—Oft as heard,  
 False, hackney'd as it is, I hate the word !  
 Whether on graceful Fry, with eloquent lip,  
 Or stock-exchange Apostle—with his *Scrip* ;  
 Or lean tub-orator, with way-worn feet,  
 Or well-paid club-itinerant, posting fleet ;  
 Or quaker, proudly-plain, or judge be-furred,  
 The nauseous praise be hitched, I hate the word—  
 Term prostitute ! like prostitute, allied  
 By turns, with fraud—with meanness or with pride.

In Gentile days, whilst yet the darkling crowd  
Clashed shields to Mars, or low to Plutus bowed,  
A piety arose, of birth divine,  
Like his, our earth who deigned, in Palestine ;  
Teacher of doctrines, yet dissuading hate,  
A scrip, his treasury,—and a staff, his state—  
Mere pilgrim, glory—gold—rejecting all,  
And sprung too late from heaven, for earthly thrall.

—A farther day that sandal'd pilgrim sees,  
With “ mitred front, in courts and palaces.”  
For simple scrip, huge coffers whence to draw,  
For simple staff, sustaining sword of law.—  
With statesmen leagued, with smooth expectants round,—  
New see to beckon,—family to found,—  
Thus hardly placed beneath temptation's rod,  
Ah ! me—if mammon share his heart with God !

O'er bustled with the world—this truth confess—  
Religion drops, too oft, to worldliness ;  
Of many a heaven-born hope foregoes the hold,  
And every hour soils more with earthly mould ;  
Yet, decent ever, looks and moves with care,  
And ushers peccadillo in—with prayer.

Let saints to regal roofs make rare resort.  
Not oft a cloister purifies a court.  
Nay, let experience tell, the royal touch, —  
—Least—when most fond—not aids religion much.  
Infects with human lusts, with worldly hopes,  
And taints from village vicars up to popes.  
Faith's essence pure sublimes o'er king and queen,  
Nor should a Lais ever make a Dean.

But if our church and state must needs combine,  
And at each levee bow some stout divine,

—I, little bred in theocratic school,  
Would rather there behold him bow, than rule.

—For when, in courtly service wax'd too great,  
Some Laud, or some La Chaise, assumes the state ;  
Conscience must wait, all trembling, at his beck,  
And burdened faith, like camel, cower the neck ;  
Or free if these should stand and nought afraid,  
Like hermit Peter, he proclaims crusade ;  
Prudence, old pilot, dashes from the helm,  
And, for some idle dictum, wrecks a realm.

And, hardly more, amid the quorum kind,  
“ In fair round belly, with good capon lined,  
“ With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,”  
Love I to see the parish pastor put ;  
There to discourse of partridges and hares,  
And hold grave descant on the guilt of snares ;

Then raise his tone, and feel, or feign, an ire,  
Such as may please his lordship or the squire !

In yon low hut, yon orphan'd hearth anear,  
Me more delights our curate mild to hear,  
With holier "instances" and "wiser saw,"  
Than ever came from human wit or law.

Ah ! me—if mammon scarcely less affect  
Us too, the flock, establishment and sect !  
In earthly coin all struggling to be paid,  
And traders all—in grand or petty trade.

Frail the mere faith, in love not founded deep,  
By every worldly interest lulled to sleep.  
Be God himself, alone, our love, our pride ;  
For pay who serves, perchance may swerve aside.



Here earth's rich realms, there heaven's far-visioned  
coast,

What marvel, if the nearest tempt the most !

Blest days were those, ere clustering clubs had  
birth,

And men stood prized for individual worth <sup>14</sup>.—

Ere yet the vain, the cunning, and the crazed  
Coarse conclaves held—be-praising and be-praised ;

Their force—mere pioneer for fortune's way—

Their meekness—but a mask for worldly sway.

Glad for themselves, not scornful for the rest,  
—So best is praise to heaven, thro' love, addrest—

Then the meek layman, and the layman's wife,

Contented trod the sheltering vale of life ;

Their docile hearts to sabbath lessons turned,

Nor dared to teach, but practised what they learn'd ;

For trespasses forgiven implored, each day,  
And, more than all, temptations kept away ;  
Each happy in the joy plain duty breeds,  
And winning heaven even less with prayers than deeds.

The pastor then "to all the country dear"—  
No platform orator—no pamphleteer<sup>15</sup>;—  
Not basely busy for committee sway,  
Nor plotting glories for some public day ;  
Not skilful with God's name to interlace<sup>16</sup>  
Smooth flatteries for villains high in place ;  
Nor darting round, from undisputed chair,  
O'er prostrate souls damnation and despair,  
Down to degrade pure love of God's own law  
To felon fear, by lashes kept in awe ;  
He, 'mid the shades of parish usefulness,  
To his home flock did his whole soul address,  
Or wrought, retired within that studious home,  
Some learned toil for ages yet to come ;

Nor harsh, meanwhile, nor loud ; but mildly grave,  
And still most mild, when most intent to save.

Such were the “ pious race ” of other days,  
And many a lingerer still deserves the praise.  
But these, though heaven look kindly on the race,  
Our sancto-critics deem devoid of grace ;  
A piety baptize of coarser frame,  
And every busy bustler wins the name.

Where now our “ pious pastor ? ”—Seek him there,  
In the stoved chapel, near the modish square,  
Around where lady patronesses throng,  
And list a sermon—as they list a song.

But not like him, whom Cowper’s touch could show,  
Of doctrine light, and pastor less than beau ;  
In pulpit tactics he, more deeply wise,

Of Calvin's creed the stirring lore applies ;  
Like him, with stunning tone, succeeds to move,  
And holds, like him, by threatenings more than love.

Nor shuns he now to vent the sound austere  
Of hell, erst irksome to politer ear <sup>17</sup>;  
Whilst, each to other wafts the penalty,  
"For me th' angelic flower—its thorns for thee ;"  
Some pleasure strange even that dread word excites,  
A "belle horreur," that tickles as it frights.—

Yet parish duties him suffice not half ;  
O'er farther flocks must stretch that pastoral staff.  
His week-day works yon echoing hall must greet,  
Where clashing chariots block the wrangling street ;  
Or hand-bill spread, or paragraph must teach,  
Or his own modest after-dinner speech !

All are not such ! One know I, mild, sincere,  
From low ambition, as from avarice clear ;  
With tolerance blest, with lore, by toil unrolled ;  
All Grecian sage, all Hebrew bard, hath told ;  
Critic, yet shrinking from polemic strife ;  
And teacher, whose best lesson is his life !  
On him, and minds like his, when sad I sink,  
My wearied heart, refreshing, turns to think—  
But names, that virtue shall be proud to shrine,  
Too well I love, to mar with praise of mine !

Yon “ pious ” layman—(not like him of yore)—  
So well the pupil tests the teacher’s lore—  
Yon “ pious ” layman—he whose bursting purse  
For widows’, orphans’ trusts, is ne’er the worse ;  
Say whence could he the holy claim imbibe ?  
He found it in two words “ subscribe—subscribe.”  
Is there a mission—some enthusiast’s dream ?  
Or new-planned church—a builder-preacher’s scheme ?

Some week-day sermon?—Jew-converting school?—  
Pleased to be marked, and not unpleas'd to rule,  
The busiest, boldest, of the gathering tribe,  
He dins from door to door, “subscribe—subscribe—”  
For all his toil of body and of lung,  
—Like Irus, stout of limb, and glib of tongue,—  
The sole return his modest wishes dare,  
The treasurer's office, and the voted chair;  
The snug job-contract, the consulting fee,  
And all the honour of the charity!

Yet he, meanwhile, with looks that bear no part  
With the low interests grovelling at his heart,  
Can talk of labours, but for conscience, hard!  
Then hint how virtue is its own reward,  
And own some hopes of heaven—in humbleness!—  
Though disappointed, none need miss it less,  
Who, if in truth, no other world were his,  
Hath schemed so well to be repaid in this!

There are, I know, with purest impulse fraught  
Impulse, not wildly good—but duty-taught,—  
Who to no human eye their acts address,  
Seen, or unseen, their instinct but to bless ;  
Their pity, but without its pride, impart,  
Let gold pay gold, but conquer heart with heart.  
Spirits like these no phrase of mine would wound,  
For if not here, oh ! where is holy ground ?

And what tho' sometimes with this finer joy  
A human frailty mingle its alloy ;  
And the pure ore of hearts, love-satisfied,  
Some tinge betray, less pure, fused in by pride ;  
E'en then, t' assay the vessel's quality  
But little prone, whence want may drink supply,  
Not mine to intercept the flattering fame—  
Their's be the vestry vote, the public name ;  
Nay, not the beadle, as he bustles by,  
Shall doff his hat more punctually than I.—

But for the paltry tribe, who calculate,  
Still ere they give, the profit and the rate ;  
Each pro and con, in balanced file arrayed,  
And charity itself,—a thing of trade ;  
And even, when worldly least, then lent, not given ;  
Upcounting still their interest-score with heaven ;  
But for these ruffian-mendicants ; (just such  
Le Sage hath drawn—a musket for a crutch ;)  
Who quest for alms, in accent of command,  
And in the name of pity, bid me stand ;  
Hectorèd by such, I prize at equal rate,  
Who robs me with the pistol, or the plate.—

Yet this might pass; and he, without my plaint,  
A worldling here, be worshipped there a saint.  
On saintly throne, by brother worldlings set,  
The well-fumed Lama of his own Thibet !  
But if he wield that most ill-gotten name,  
A mace to batter down his neighbour's fame,



And crush who scorns to flatter ; stung at this,  
What marvel, if I paint him as he is !  
Then from his full-blown pride and bursting bags,  
Turn to revere sincerity in rags !

*B.*—If motive-sifting thus our deeds you touch,  
The world will say that you refine too much.

*A.*—That deeds are good or ill, as motive-wrought ;  
That holiest forms, not spirit-fed, are nought ;  
That piety degrades her high-born strain,  
In scramble with the mammon tribe for gain ;  
That charity of heart is heaven's delight ;  
These are plain truths, and maxims very trite.  
Yet, as still-trickling rain-drops, one by one,  
Will wear their impress on obdurate stone ;  
As green trees, clustering round our very door,  
Seen daily, for that cause but please the more ;

moral truths, that seek not to surprise,  
more familiar, more attract the wise ;  
maxims trite, their frequency their strength,  
repetition stamp themselves at length ;  
h oft-driven furrow, first, the reason till ;  
n, from the reason, pass into the will.—

et meditation deep—let fancy bold—  
at of new matter—I but dress the old ;  
hance ill dress ; but striving nothing new,  
well content to be accorded true.—



## RHYMED PLEA FOR TOLERANCE.

### DIALOGUE III.



And though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

1 COR. xiii.

*A.*—By no faint shame withheld from general gaze,  
'Tis thus, my friend, we bask us in the blaze ;  
Where deeds, more surface-smooth than inly bright,  
Snatch up a transient lustre from the light.

Yet as rich hues, in loom of nature spun,  
The rose itself, will fade in torrid sun ;

Or diamond to vapour fleet away,  
In the fierce furnace of the focal ray ;  
True virtues thus, of finer frame or hue,  
In that unnatural glare of public view,  
Their beauty lose—and lose their essence too.

Applause least wins, where hearty thoughts engage,  
'Tis the mere actor frets him for a stage.—

Nor man alone now strives for saintly fame,  
The passion steals o'er many a gentle dame ;  
And faith, that once held timid course—to pray,—  
Now throbs in furious lust of public sway.  
How could I dream, that Thou shouldst e'er affect,  
Gay, <sup>u</sup>fawn-like Phyllis, leadership of sect ?  
Frank and fond-hearted then, if not discreet ;  
The censor now, and terror of the street.

Yet, Phyllis, by thy new evangelism  
 Though puzzled sore, I never called it schism.  
 Knelt at thy bible-rout, where chairs were hassocks,  
 And petticoats expounded texts—like cassocks ;  
 With penny contributions wage no war,  
 Nor breathed one comment on thy ball-bazaar.  
 If thoughts will rise, when simpering Rosa barters  
 For coin of whisker'd cornet ladies' garters ;  
 If gallopade be scarce a saint-like frolic ;  
 And waltz, though winning, hardly apostolic ;  
 Earth thus for heaven to tax may yet be meet,  
 Odour of gain, spring whence it will, is sweet \* ;  
 And if, in sooth, sprout forth some small abuses,  
 Yet all come sanctified to pious uses.

License thus far, fair saint, my creed accords—  
 But blame I must that tongue, "whose words are swords."

\* *Lucri bonus est odor ex re*


*Quâlibet.*

*JUVENAL, 14 Sat. l. 204.*

If holier now, dear Phyllis, than of yore,  
And great the gain—be tolerant yet the more ;  
For of all humours by which soul is crost,  
A piety, turned acrid, taints the most.—

Melancthon ! well didst thou thy mother sway  
To keep her aged feet in the old way ;  
With life's first lights to cheer its evening gloom,  
And drop, in placid temper, to the tomb.—


As quiet leaf, that sleeps on summer trees,  
Will turn and tremble to the awakening breeze ;  
As glassy lake, that wood and sky reflects,  
And ruin, boast of ancient architects,  
Let the gale rise, and clouds come clustering o'er,  
With wave upheaved runs darkening to the shore ;  
Sensitive woman thus (as some have thought,  
With sympathies, yet more than logic, fraught,)



O'er her sweet rest should winds of doctrine blow,  
Quick as the leaf, will vibrate to and fro,  
Or break from anchorage, where she rode at ease,  
And whelm her own, and wreck her household's peace.

And yet Devotion, though from high her birth,  
Was made to dwell amid the ties of earth,  
And, with her own melodious prayer to blend  
All gentle names of family and friend.  
And if not always in her eager ears  
Responses ring, immediate from the spheres,  
Thus sweetest echoes back from earth are given,  
That if not heavenly all,—yet speak of heaven.

But, Woman, Thou, who o'er the craving soul  
Would'st nought but heaven's unmingled music roll;  
Thou, soon or late, shalt feel th' o'erwrought desire  
On the strained strings, or languish or expire.






And then Hypocrisy—forgive the word—  
Steals in and—for Devotion—smites the chord ;  
Or through that gentle breast, by stealth, in glide  
The vexing demons of Dispute and Pride.

Ah ! then, when daily joys less fondly press,  
When sister—friend—or husband win thee less,  
Through thine own bosom stern inquiry move,  
And sift, if this, indeed, be holy love !

Giver of gifts ! disposer of my life !  
Oh ! save me from a controversial wife !  
Each Gospel lesson be it her's to prize,  
But more its duties than its mysteries.  
Her sigh to guilt,—her tear to suffering given,—  
And, night and morn, her own sweet prayer to heaven  
But ne'er, in disputation with the priest,  
Ne'er strive to explain “ the number of the beast ! ”

Such theologic triumphs, all not worth  
One alienated look—one sullen hearth !

Thou Faith, with whom, when purest, group unriven—  
Link Charity, for earth—and Hope, for heaven—  
(Group lovelier than those favourite Three of Jove,  
By fabling chisel wreath'd for classic love;)   
Before whose upward glances, glory-fraught,  
Words quail, and faints the ineffectual thought ;  
Yet, downward from that high communion sped,  
Then, sweetest comforter of sorrow's bed ;  
'Tis thine in human hearts, unforced, to grow,  
Dropt gently in from all we see and know ;  
And, of all earthly spots, thou lov'st to dwell,  
Unvexed, in home affection's tranquil cell.  
To thee, plain prayer—proud mass—each varying toll—  
Are all but types, whose essence is the soul ;  
Tests—synods—these thy spirit loves, nor lacks,  
But warder's bolt abhors and lictor's axe.



Louis, by servile France misnamed the Great,  
(In France when kingship stood at higher rate)  
Say, could he hear, where now, most stately shade,  
He loves to plan some Stygian masquerade ;  
—Or, following up the bent of mortal will,  
Along Cocytus weaves the grave quadrille ;  
—Or rather, leaving now that fabled plain,  
To take, as suits our theme, a graver strain ;—  
Say—would he still his earthly dogmas hold ?—  
And meek, yet stedfast faith, and conscience bold,  
These would he deem that kings—that God—should  
pay  
With dragonnades on earth and pains for aye ?  
Or of a wise repentance feel the weight,  
And o'er each bitter edict weep—too late ?

Ye who on mortal man temptations shower,  
One trial spare, and prove him not with power !

For, as changed soil still modifies the seed,  
As clime adds fierceness, gentleness, to breed ;  
As chemists mark, when like approaches like,  
How strong affinities will rush to strike ;  
As wine sincere that makes the cheerful glad,  
Transforms the dull to stern—the wild to mad ;  
So Faith, in harsh or gentle bosom sown,  
Shapes here a Calvin—here a Fénélon—  
Him whom his Lord's own spirit seemed to wake,  
And him, who burned Servetus at the stake.

“ Mighty, we shout, is truth, and must prevail \*,”  
Nor, till the 'glove be thrown, begin to quail.  
Then in her scutcheon we suspect a flaw,  
And harness, for the battle, strong in law ;  
And as the doubtful duel draws more near,  
More doubt the verdict of the Ithuriel spear.

\* *Magna est veritas et prævalebit.*”



'List some stout pleader, second for the fight,  
And pack a jury—to decide the right.

Yet Truth from Themis asks nor sword nor mace,  
Give but the quiet balance in their place.  
Who with brute force her temperate cause defends,  
Her plaint must bide—"Protect me from my friends;"  
And thence may ponder on His patient word,  
Who bade the hot disciple "sheath his sword!"


Beneath the proud Pantheon's girdling dome  
When found all vagrant deities a home,  
From some fond votary each received a prayer,  
And Nemesis and Até had their share.  
But when that vast idolatry was gone,  
And Faith, less darken'd, worshipp'd but the One,  
To Him each worshipper, in selfish guise,  
Transferred his favourite virtue or his vice.

In love, Love found his godhead.—The severe  
Felt not the love, and bowed alone to Fear.  
Each culled some different text—self-will to stay—  
Or read the self-same text—a different way.

So—passions still were deities—and schism,  
As free to choose—but sourer pantheism;  
And hence, 'twixt sect and sect, when strifes arose,  
And banded converts widened off to foes,  
The scornful Sadducee would jeer amain  
At Discord and the Furies come again !

Thus doctrines, rebel natures meant to bind,  
Themselves, more oft, are govern'd by each mind.  
Most have two creeds.—The one from ritual known,  
The other, temper-moulded, and our own.—

Reason may balance with her patient poise,  
But temper-creeds admit no compromise.



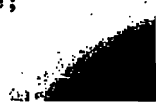
—As friends, far sundered by the Atlantic main,  
To friendship cling, and sigh to meet again ;  
Yet when to village neighbourhood they draw,  
Like other neighbours, stickle for a straw ;  
So minds that muse, with no unkindly heed,  
Where mountain doubts divide, on distant creed ;  
Let but some two approach so near together,  
Mere feather parts, will quarrel for that feather ;  
And fume that, won almost to concert pitch,  
Accord should there, abruptly, make its hitch.

Some, from themselves wide differing, yet sincere,  
Swerved by disturbing fancies, hotly veer ;  
Now grasp the whole, now some stray scrap recal,  
(For text or context oft is difference all <sup>a</sup> ;)   
Yet, bosom-pride of every change the root,  
For each would suffer, or would persecute ;  
—Had martyrs or inquisitors become,  
And dared—or lit—your fires, Madrid and Rome.

The goule—'tis story of Arabian strain<sup>3</sup>—  
Her rice picked up with bodkin, grain by grain ;  
And nature thus, we scarce know why, imparts  
Her needle intellects and pin-point hearts—  
We scarce know why, unless her aim hath been  
Word-critic shrewd, or theologian keen ;  
Who, dull to what precedes, or follows next,  
Are ever busy on some single text.

Seize we, with wider scope, the gospel-whole ;  
Flux dim with clear, and fuse along the soul.  
Then—when our form beams forth, in beauteous  
mould,  
And not one drossy fragment specks its gold ;  
—Then, let comparison together strike  
Calvin and Jesus—and oh ! how unlike.

So Scripture text may serve man's mortal foe.  
So Scripture text may work our weal or woe ;





Now interceding saint, that leads to God,  
Hired bravo now, that stabs at Hatred's nod.  
He, least perplexed, through discrepance shall move,  
Who makes his running comment—Christian love.

*B.*—But now, concede, we neither hang nor burn.  
Tests are mere forms.—From our's you'll scarcely turn.  
What virtue—wisdom—own, if Thou reject,  
Of prejudice—of pride—thysel suspect.

*A.*—But where apostacy would mend our store,  
'Twere wisdom to suspect ourselves yet more.  
—All courtesy to faith of foeman shown,  
I deem not well to parley with our own.

Nor well to pledge, where tests—grown forms—disjoin  
The inward spirit from the outward sign ;  
For that first insincerity, confess'd,  
Sheds its far tinge of doubt on all the rest.

Who truth on falsehood builds, with idiot hand  
at piles his granite on a shifting sand.

Bold Gelon, called at length to pastoral cares,  
fits through the test he scorns and stoutly swears.  
O'erjoy, with wiser heart, if weaker head,  
to 'scape dilemma, gulps the oaths unread.

Whoe'er to "sticking place" his heart would screw  
for faith, or fair,—at least should dream them true.  
Worn creeds newstrength have pluck'd from rival schism,  
it die beneath a bought indifferentism.

Why must authority on oaths insist,  
Then thus we take and break them, as we list?  
And where the justice of a penal due,  
What holds the frank and lets the cunning through?

Reared up in Paley's qualm-controlling school<sup>4</sup>,  
Our good old Granta's comfortable rule—  
You say subscription scarce was meant to bind.  
But is there here no martyrdom of mind?  
Accept—and lurks no snare for conscience by?  
Refuse—and threats no starving penalty?  
If now no Alva torture for the state,  
Is there no Alva in a private hate?  
No force, when lacking plaint of guiltier deed,  
We criminate a neighbour for his creed?

That neighbour on thy manor starts a doubt,  
Or from thy favourite vestry votes thee out.  
The law forbids to stab the man or stone.—  
Hint him not orthodox, thy work is done.  
Let honest fools cry, "shame." Thou, unperplexed,  
Shalt show good warrant in some twisted text;  
Whilst hand with thine each coward foe shall link,  
With thee combining,—if like him they think.

Perchance, the very courts shall help thee through,  
For truth and justice have, long since, been two.  
O! where that pleader-knave—Paine's perfect growth—  
With well-fee'd horror probes yon sectary's oath.  
With "Sir, you this reject"—or "this believe."  
The judge—perchance—snug sneering in his sleeve;)   
Then doffs that mask devout—just one hour worn—  
For curse habitual, and a sceptic scorn.

And who but grieves, when dooms dogmatic part  
From priesthood's lip—more rarely from his heart;  
So that, more oft, some milder reading taught  
By gentle nature, or by critic thought.  
What though his voice subdued, and shrinking eye  
Peak word and thought contending inwardly;  
What though, stern Athanasius, though sainted once,  
His curses win from mercy no response;  
Yet dropped on soil of ignorance and pride  
So hate they spring, and man from man divide;

Of old—to pyre of martyrdom gave birth.  
Now agonise some dear domestic hearth,  
When son or husband, starting from the thrall,  
Incredulous hates—then madly doubts of all \*.

Where bigotry in voice of vengeance speaks,  
Herself fore-slays the very end she seeks.  
Some kneeling faith near tolerance still is found,  
Intolerance wafts scepticism round.

—Yet, spite of time and trial, still the same,  
Our explications and our oaths we frame.  
Frame for eternity !—though every year  
Steal silent on, its own interpreter.  
The forms meanwhile remain, a seemly crust,  
Till some chance hurtle—and the things are dust !

\* Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic—incredulus odi.

HORAT. Ars Poet.

Like dust or petty nuisance scorned ; but yet  
Potent, till then, to torture or to fret.

Lore, from calm bowers, by Cam and Isis laved !  
Lore, by fond youth with cheated transport craved !  
'Tis yours to lure the young Enquirer on,  
Through many a path, that tracks from ages gone,  
Till, where Thought's vistas open yet more free,  
Subscription blocks the way—and bans degree ;  
And, whilst a thousand powers of prospect stir,  
Would strain to beg some loop-hole glimpse from Her.

Who crouches through that low and narrow door,  
To him his fate cries sternly—" Think no more."  
Hard to abstain, but perilous to press<sup>3</sup>,  
Where after-thought may bring the more or less ;  
And thou be held, as fast or loose thy thrall,  
Socinian here—there Evangelical<sup>6</sup>.



If thought *will* rise, let thoughtlessness dispute it.  
A strenuous idler, fiddle it, or flute it.  
Be wise in tulips, learned on a haunch—  
Your little thinker is the truly staunch ;  
Or better—let thy life with deeds be fraught,  
Such as heaven loves—but still abstain from thought !

Beneath the surface of yon level deep,  
Lurk rifting rocks, and gulping currents sweep.  
And what are creeds, planed down by state-decree,  
But the smooth treachery of a summer sea ?  
This Leo learned, Rome's pilot, to his cost,  
When half his freight of ancient faith was lost.—

And now, scarce less, a strange horizon lowers,  
And change, his church that wreck'd, may burst on ours ;  
Burst, as of old, like Luther's lightning shock,  
The fold half crush, and dissipate the flock.

Hence more, as earthly meed may seem less sure,  
Cleanse we our faith ;—for honest held, if poor.  
Soldier, for conscience his good sword who draws,  
Should have to boast, at least, a sterling cause.

That scattered creeds shall scarce converge to one,  
If observation, century-school'd, have shown ;  
As adders deaf to each dogmatic word,  
Nor much conciliated by the sword ;  
'Twere now as well another course to trim,  
If not for wisdom, merely for the whim ;  
And since Authority so long hath tried,  
And failed at last—take conscience for a guide.

But if Authority we needs must have <sup>7</sup>,  
With rod to smite and fetter to enslave ;  
Her let me worship, venerably old,  
Tiara-bound, and vesture starred with gold.



And hear—'mid crosses, shrines, her anthems roll,  
And incense breathe, at once, through sense and soul;  
As tost, in fragrant wreathings, to and fro,  
Amid the pictured dreams it lingers slow  
Of thoughtful Raffaele or vast Angelo.

—Plain English scripture doth right well for me.  
But if its blessed meanings still must be  
Read in another's sense—mine strictly bound—  
Me then let loftier Latin peal around,  
Where antique mass intones its deep delight,  
And dim tradition rules, in reason's spite.

Blind wisdom theirs, who bade old harshness stay,  
And beauty, half that soothed it, tore away.

Ye Senator-Economists, who plan  
Substantial blessings for Elector-man;

Embodying each your own, or tutor's scheme,  
Canal or corn law—currency or steam ;  
For one brief hour, these loftier cares at rest,  
Weave one poor speech, to plead for minds opprest.  
Let trade, if so ye deem, unfetter'd be,  
But leave the conscience, like the trader, free.  
Tithes—and tithe-proctors, if ye will, controul,  
But dogmas harsh, not less, that tithe the soul.  
Let charity no more be ruled a sin,  
Nor justice, but by licence, smuggled in ;  
Nor holy rights of tolerance left to guess,  
But love, like hate, by statute taught express.  
Disused though long, impeach her not of loss,  
But trumpet-sound her, at the public cross ;  
—Yet not for dole, at will withheld, or given,—  
But birth-right, like the genial air of heaven.—  
If round us yet ancestral rancours throng,  
To you, ye senates, half pertains the wrong  
—But ill a backward legislation suits.  
The law 'twas Orpheus gave, and not the brutes.

*B.*—Yet ours is “toleration practical”—

*A.*—If fit the freedom, why retain the thrall?

—Rightful our creed, like ancient Christian men,

Why strained to hide and worship in a den?

—Why still condemned beneath your sway to pine?

Speak, Athanasius—speak ye Thirty-nine.

Thee, Charity, did peace-persuading Paul,

Wisely prefer, the rarest gem of all;

For alms he knew, full oft, the gifts of pride,

And faith, erewhile, by selfishness supplied;

—But thee, of meekness born, and self-controul,

The very scarcest product of the soul.

In strife apart our other virtues flee,

When not in sister union held by thee;

And, breaking from their old harmonious chime,

Jar, in each other's ears, like guilt or crime;

But where thy presence is, there all the rest  
Cluster in love, and that one spot is blest.

And proofs have been, if ancient tale may move,  
Of faith unconquered and unconquered love ;  
Who, trailed amid the Arena's brutal crew,  
Died for belief, and prayed for those who slew ;  
And still of these, though much in sooth they fail,  
Fragments are found, to win us to the tale ;  
As when some mighty tree hath met the shock  
Of storm or axe ; a ruin—or a block ;  
Though high in air no more its branches toss,  
The wreck remains—to tell how vast it was.

“ To tame the proud—the fettered slave to free,  
These are imperial arts and worthy thee \*.”

\* *Parcere subjectis et debellare superbas*  
*Hæ tibi erunt artes.*

Allow me, thus, in English phrase to quote,  
When "glorious John" translates what Virgil wrote.  
Nor ill, in truth, some loftier virtues throve,  
When bowed the darkened world to Gentile Jove.  
Nor were long years, ere purer faith was born,  
Of household loves and duties all forlorn.  
And every land hath known, since first it saw  
Seed cast on furrow, wise restraint of law.  
—But—humbled heart—that lesson first was given  
In Galilee; to temper sterner leaven,  
Make heaven of earth; then lead from earth to  
heaven.

Thence Virtue—not to action prompted less,—  
Yet harder glory won from passiveness;  
And, peacefully sublime, brooked sweetly, there,  
Her doubled task—to do and to forbear.

—Oh ! bitter produce of that Christian tree,  
For loving kindness, and for charity !  
One sheltering sky—one earth to feed the root—  
The brethren pluck—and hatred is the fruit !  
The pious bandit thus, Abruzzi's son,  
His dagger bears and crucifix in one ;  
The point full sharp for deeds of blood and guilt,  
And our meek Saviour carved upon the hilt.

—With differing optics earth and sky we view,  
And what to me is dark, beams bright to you.  
Nay things, the very same to sight confest,  
With differing impulse strike upon the breast.  
Say then, if outward forms,—the plainest speech  
Of nature, various aspects yield for each ;  
If mountain peak, and forest's deep abyss,  
To thee indifferent, mould another's bliss ;  
How then may mere conceptions, clear far less,  
To all alike conveyed, alike impress ?

Of will, of thought, the measure who shall find,  
Or strain one dogma on each varying mind ?

When from our north the zephyr breeze shall blow  
And tides flow equalised, nor high, nor low ;  
On the lithe pard when shows each spot alike,  
And with one colour eyes from beauty strike ;  
Then bring the pattern of thy choosing wit,  
And bid all human race conform to it.

Or rather, as each herb selects from earth  
The vital food that fosters best its birth ;  
Even so, let individual minds drink in  
The nurture to their spirit most akin ;  
Freely by each his own calm progress won,  
And—of faith's " many mansions " found the One.

Then ceaseless why, in village and in town,  
'Twixt sect and sect, dispute of up and down ?

With secular why mix religious strife,  
To add one pang the more to worried life?  
If coming worlds at pleasure we divide,  
In this why walk not kindly, side by side?  
In guild why thus contentious ever meet?  
Why thwart our pavement? why not light the street?

*B.*—But faith is will.

*A.*—So taught Bray's easy vicar;  
And innocently wondered folk should bicker;  
—Next, held each stickler obstinate,—not dim—  
Last, hated all, no weathercocks, like him.

—Oh! milky maxim! And not his alone,—  
Now metaphysic claims it for his own;  
And having twisted,—doubted,—talked,—his fill—  
Decrees, at last, dogmatic, "Faith is will."



—And when the crowd, of old, was clustering thick  
Round the last throb of dying heretic,  
Inquisitors, I ween, might well instil  
The very self-same maxim, “Faith is will.”  
—Convenient phrase! that serves his several turn,  
Who wills to flatter, or who wills to burn!  
Or saves the brambled foot from thorns that goad,—  
Of our theology the royal road!

To him, who wills a borough or a place;  
To him, who wills a living from His Grace;  
—Wills, for his son, a rich and pious wife;  
Or, for himself, unpersecuted life;  
Or him, whose heart and brain, tired fairly out,  
Will sweet repose from logic and from doubt;  
I too, well pleased to thrive and to be still,  
I too, full oft could echo—“Faith is will”—  
Though checked, as oft, by him, whose honest heart  
To conscience clings, and spurns the trimmer’s part.

Yes, Conscience, thy strong presence can constrain  
To view, with scarce a smile, even Southcote's train.  
Corrupt their text may be, or weak its gloss,  
But soul sincere to gold can coin the dross.

Truth's ancient landmarks, parting good from ill,  
These well to know nor labour asks nor skill ;  
Conscience can read life's daily duties plain,  
Nor lets the moral vibrate with the brain ;  
But creeds that from ideal chambers come,  
And 'mid unvisioned objects seek their home,  
—Each with some favourite phantasy imprest,—  
On this they muse or rave, and scorn the rest.  
Hence Syria saw her silent hermits brood,  
Hence whirl'd the priestess 'mid the Delphic wood ;  
Hence Sweedenborg “presumed empyreal air”—  
Hence tongues prophetic screech in Regent Square.  
Salm reason may deplore such freaks should be ;  
But, if they find their followers, leave them free.

Some think a sabbath feast no grievous sin ;  
Some on their sabbath let no stranger in.  
This creed with cheerful dance accords right well,  
This deems a pirouette a step for hell.  
If sour Geneva bear a Sunday play,  
Give we, as mildly, every faith its way ;  
For many a pilgrim prayer, to Us unknown,  
By its own pathway travels to the throne.

Where mighty congregations throng amain,  
And pulpit-thunders shake the astonished fane,  
And through far roofs long-volumed organs peal,  
There are, who then alone consent to feel.  
Others, shy souls, whom silken crowds perplex,  
Polemics tire, and actor-preachers vex,  
Love more, like hermit near his cross of stone,  
To pace, at eve, the silent turf alone,  
And softly breathe, or inly muse, a prayer,  
And find, not less, the general Father there.

And whencesoe'er the glow—from outward sense,  
Or fully fed by inner heart intense ;  
What wins to love his God and neighbour best,  
Be this, for each, the object and the test \*.

“ Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,”  
With puritan I quarrel not, though stark ;  
But let him drive along his narrow sea,  
Right easy, if he keep but clear of me.  
—Yet some a sabbath galls, o'er-strictly set,  
—As hounds, kept long at walk, in kennel fret—  
And then the silent niece, the meek-eyed wife,  
Shrink from the prelude growl of coming strife,  
As, 'neath the thraldoms of a tedious day,  
Resolves of duty, one by one, give way.  
Even Thou, the saccharine of all week-day men—  
Confess, my friend—art somewhat acid then !

—Oft too, on minds not abstract quite, nor pure,  
Long stretched devotions that but ill endure,  
Slander, who thrives on leisure unemployed,  
Slander drops in, to fill the uneasy void ;  
And duly makes, if not in holiest guise,  
Her sabbath day, a day of sacrifice !

Thy creed, like country, is thy birth's, not thine ;  
The unconscious baptism of some frontier line ;  
Expanding with the sweep of mountain ridge,  
Swerved by a rivulet, changing at a bridge.  
Such, St. Maurice, the thoughts to thine that cling,  
Around its antique arches clustering,  
Calvin and Leo—landaman and king ?

All that feeds eye and ear—our earliest books,—  
Fond childhood's hill-side walks, and playmate brooks,—

Tale of old martyr—picture—bust—or song—  
These stoutly chain, or hurry hearts along  
With force than reasonings and than truth more strong.

Or, if conviction's guiltless sophistry  
Steal in, with kisses, at the mother's knee;  
'Mid toils, so seeming-slight, yet firmly set,  
What after-growth may struggle with the net?

'Tis thus th' affections clasp what faith denies,  
For creed who quits, must snap a thousand ties.  
Him tolerate we, whom conscience strains to stray,  
And him—who simply plods the beaten way.

*B.*—False or absurd, what, treat all creeds alike?  
Nor ridicule to shame, nor law to strike?  
'Twere like the man, so fearful, or so civil,  
He burned a candle both to saint and devil.

A.—False creeds have thriven, even when by  
comprest,  
And ridicule been busy with the best.  
Where creeds no public decencies offend,  
Nor with forced nostrums our poor creeds would n  
To pass them gently by is wisdom's plan ;  
Let force sway brutes, but reason keep for man ;  
Nay deem unsafe with ridicule to smite ;  
Laughter may err ; but mercy must be right.

As keenest eye, closed in by cramping fence,  
Will lose, or soon or late, its wider sense ;  
So least who knows least feels another's right,  
And narrow creed most oft is narrow sight.  
—And hence Intolerance, of all her sons,  
For her chief aid-de-camp most loves a dunce ;  
Who, like dense critic, on Greek text obscure,  
Still rages most, when least his light is sure ;

Or bigot shall himself exclude the ray  
From his own crypt, and then denies the day ;  
But whilst, like fog, He dark and darker grows,  
Nor sees, nor cares to see, beyond his nose.  
Love, like the bow that curves from yonder blue,  
Cheers earth and sky, and nobly spans the two.—

The slowly judging eye—the doubting ear—  
The holy love of truth—the reverent fear—  
The philosophic brain, that loves to scan,  
May make a sage, but spoil a partisan.  
From struggling sects, such wiselier keep aloof,  
For zealotry but seldom waits on proof.  
The all—the none—concedes no ground between,  
And smiles, with bitter scorn, at “golden mean.”

But not alone within some cloister's bound,  
Or chapel trim, contracted creed is found.



At good men's feasts, as where monks diet spare,  
The harsh, exclusive heart is every where.  
The libertine, whose nights, whose every day,  
Wild orgies whelm of pleasure or of play ;  
When apoplexy, his first visit, knocks,  
Or palsy helps, unasked, to shake the box ;  
Even he, at once, with new-born zeal is wroth,  
For ignorance and vice turn bigots both.

Little to know the lot of fervent youth,  
Yet deem that little all undoubted truth.  
For him each boundary line is coloured strong,  
And all is fiercely right, or fiercely wrong.  
Nor ill on youthhood sits that generous rage,  
But let a wiser tolerance wait on age.  
Firm on himself the rule of strictness press'd,  
Each mild exception keep he for the rest ;  
Through many a meditation trained to know,  
How little sure our guesses here below :

Through many a moral conflict, viewed or striven,  
Taught, ere he die, "Forgive to be forgiven."

In the brain's chambers, as the heart's deep frame,  
How oft is error, that which vice we name !  
And hopes for virtue, thoughts for truth that try,  
How oft, by strange refractions, swerved awry !  
When Timour ravaged realms, in fierce delight,  
His dream was providence, and fated right.  
When Ganges chokes some aged parent's breath,  
'Tis filial love prepares the work of death.  
Their falsest creed, some truth ill understood :  
Their foulest act, some misdirected good.

In minds, as nature, 'tis my doctrine still,  
The good is essence, accident the ill ;  
And deeds, that win from virtue least consent,  
More oft o'erselfish than malevolent.

To this, 'mid virtue's wreck, I grapple fast,  
And cling in hope, like sailor to the mast.

Mark, with observant eye, the inferior kinds,  
Through all their tribes how fondest instinct winds.  
Drink in of infancy the answering smile,  
Ere petty passions touch it, to defile.  
Hear youth his glorious aspirations roll,  
Ere worldliness steal in, to taint the soul.  
Of manhood test the basest, earthliest leaven,  
And feelings mingle there might mix with heaven.  
These—not ascetic dogmas that degrade—  
Shall teach to love the beings God hath made.  
And—glorious fruitage from a noble stem—  
Lead on to love the God, who made, through them !

Instructors bland ! your memories ne'er shall cease,  
Who teach us wisdom, when ye teach us peace ;

Who win to think, and prize each thought that flows  
O'er gentler hearts, from "meanest flower that blows<sup>10</sup>;"  
And—our world's book thus mildly understood—  
Find your own solace in a creed of Good.

Walton ! who long in busy city pent,  
Yet most, 'mid streams and fields fulfilled his bent ;  
Benign of spirit ; and, though simple, sage ;  
How fondly have I turned his quiet page ;  
And led by sedgy Lea, or clearer Dove,  
Inhaled, with him, the very breath of love.

And me, if since, in ne'er forgotten hour,  
That Lore of love hath stirr'd with deeper power ;  
And taught, yet keener glow—with wider aim—  
Nature's own priest, 'twas Wordsworth fed the flame.

*B.*—Circle of tolerance if thus vast you draw,  
Useless our hulks ! and every sage of law !

Of idlesse shall each Midas feel the strain,  
And Sidney Cove her pilgrims crave in vain !

A.—If crime she find, let Law just vengeance take  
But crime of creed—she doth not find, but make ;  
Like Æsop's wolf, who marked the lamb for prey,  
Herself the guilt invents ; then turns to slay.  
But He, each inner motive wise to scan,  
Shall look with kindlier glance on erring man,  
And, though the lictor smite, refrain his rod ;  
For Tolerance, earth-rejected, dwells with God.

Pilots of good ! who guide o'er farthest seas,  
Untired, our bible-laden argosies ;  
To where, by populous Ganges, weed-like thrown,  
The poor dejected Paria pines alone ;  
Or where, 'mid Polynesia's seas of blue,  
Some island seer proclaims his stern taboo ;

For these, with generous haste, unload your freight,  
Our faith, our morals,—all—except our hate.  
By Indian streams, beneath Australian skies,  
Countless as stars, ere long, our fanes shall rise,  
And white-robed hopes each altar beam above ;  
But lay their first foundations deep in love.  
So shall your task be hailed indeed divine,  
And Heber's gentlest spirit bless each shrine.

I, in their turn, have known each various crew  
Of all the sects, that ever Evans drew <sup>11</sup>;  
At morning meetings joined each gathering host,  
And pledged at dinner many a dismal toast.  
True, when I heard each straining leader teach  
Of heights exclusive, all assumed to reach ;  
Left far behind all stretch of sympathy,  
Beating the wing, in vain, to soar so high,

My grosser essence, all unused to bear  
The tingling of those Alpine regions rare,  
Dropt gladly down to breathe in common air ;  
To tread the valley's churchway paths again,  
And talk of simple creeds, with simple men.

Yet as the traveller, who some lofty brow  
Hath reached, whence spreads his journey past bel  
Enough perceives to know how turned aside  
His erring steps, if not henceforth to guide ;  
So I—well marked each controversial tribe—  
Each race that will not, or that will, subscribe—  
Calvinists—Lutherans—Socinians—all—  
High-church—low-church,—and evangelical ;—  
Conflicting tenets, each by each abhorred,  
The other each to hate their sole accord ;  
Observed—how this asserts, what that denies,  
One takes the extreme, another qualifies ;

Or, veering round, by turns affirms—retracts—  
Now swerved by fancies—steading now on facts ;  
What tangled strifes contending sects provoke,  
The snow-white surplice, or Geneva cloak ;—  
If but t' asperge the new-born babe of sin,  
Or plunge the whiskered Baptist fairly in ;—  
How firmly this on two—this leans on seven—  
Yet, right or wrong, in earnest all for heaven ;—  
I may not dare pronounce man's proper creed  
So full in light, "that he who runs may read."—  
Can own a stray may honestly be out,  
Nor quite would damn a brother for a doubt.

Instincts there are, I know, that rise and cleave,  
Wind round the heart, and bind it to believe ;  
And doctrines, such as early lore imparts,  
And sheds, like morning dew, on infant hearts,  
When o'er her lisping babe the mother stands,  
And moulds his prayer, and joins his little hands.



Yet these, guides only for the straightway road,  
That humbly leads, through duty, up to God ;  
But blind and helpless for the dangerous lee  
Of wide theology's unfathomed sea ;  
These all desert the wretch, that hangs, perplex'd,  
On the dark comment and the doubtful text ;  
Doomed, for his sins, to drift, and drive through all,  
Mad or inspired, from Brothers up to Paul,  
And force him, long by winds of doctrine blown,  
To seize the helm—and work a course his own.

Oh friend, be ours, of softer metal wrought,  
To rock us in the creed each mother taught !  
To others left the controversial leaf ;  
By others reaped its triumphs—and its grief !

Is it a boon, repose of soul to quit,  
For all the pride of logic and of wit ?

And, too vain-glorious for quiescent state,  
Mix fiercely in dispute and learn to hate ?

Vainly with guilt when groaning virtue strives,  
And, but in heaven, not one sad hope survives ;  
Is it a boon thou, knowledge, hast conferred,  
To deem the strife unmarked, the groan unheard ?  
Ourselves to deem mere atoms, random-hurled,  
The orphans of an unregarded world ?  
And 'mid the body's, 'mid the soul's distress,  
To clutch our utmost hope—from hopelessness ?

Is it a boon, when dissolution's strife  
Hangs—trembling—o'er the bed of child or wife ;  
And the poor sufferer turns amid her pain,  
And looks, and strives to say, “ we meet again ;”  
Is it a boon to stand in anguish by,  
And meet with some lip-phrase that clinging eye,  
Whilst the sad sceptic heart makes no reply ?

}

Then, bending o'er the tomb to which she sank,  
Present to feel and future—one mere blank ?

Oh ! thou from faith's mild bondage sadly free,  
“ Lone mariner, upon a shoreless sea ; ”  
Oh ! say, thou deeply wounded child of doubt,  
Thus, in thy solitude of soul, shut out  
From nature's fondest, holiest sympathies,  
Doth knowledge—vaunted knowledge—pay for  
this ?

Thee shall some guiding instinct's mild behest  
Yet turn in season to the appointed nest.  
On ever-questing wing 'twere hard to go,  
For surer all we feel, than all we know !

Hence thou—though logic-mailed, shalt not disdain,  
Philosophy !—that mild enthusiast train ;

Spirits, by nature's thousand harmonies  
That touched, respond; and, without reasonings, wise,  
Find types for faith, in earth—and sea—and skies. }

Malvern—I love to track in thought, even now,  
Our twilight path along thy turfy brow,  
That tinted—oh ! how fair ! by hallowing even,  
Rose, like a ladder step, 'twixt earth and heaven.  
Eastward, o'er sunless valley, far beneath,  
Wan shadows crept, our human vale of death ;  
Whilst beamed, soft radiant, in the mellow west,  
Mute as we gazed, the mansions of the blest !  
Who, placed on that far grasping promontory,  
Not thus had imaged out life's two-fold story ?  
Or who, beneath that sweet and silent air,  
Not worshipped ?—as our spirits worshipped there.

But art thou of those searching minds, in sooth,  
That track, through thought alone, the vein of truth ?

A keen and subtle intellect, yet stout  
To drag conviction from the depths of doubt ?  
Then delve ; but from thy toil keep pride apart ;  
And link to the stern brain a trusting heart <sup>12</sup>.

So shalt thou reach belief.—Not the mere note,  
Stale from some teacher's tongue, and caught by rote ;  
Nor dogma, from the forehead of a dunce  
That springs, his Pallas, cap-à-pee at once.  
Nor love-taught faith, as Knighthood fierce to start <sup>13</sup>,  
When beauty smiles belief into the heart ;  
And prompt, not less, let wrinkles—frowns—succeed,  
To start, a ready recreant, from the creed ;  
Not such bold trust, as convict wretches snatch <sup>14</sup>  
From desperate need of heaven's uplifted latch,  
Whom ghostly comforters so cleanse—or paint—  
Not one but dies, at least, a three days' saint ;  
Nor yet the dim assent from anguish wrung,  
From feeble signs scarce gleaned, or faltering tongue,

When speechless palsy hangs the helpless head,  
Or low delirium haunts the dying bed ;—  
For when no instinct of our vital whole,  
Nor early lesson, woven with the soul,  
Carefully, then, to concentration wrought  
By the slow process of alembic thought,  
Belief is toil of brain. 'Tis labour's dower,  
Reared painfully, thro' frost—and sun—and shower, }  
And the slow growth of many a ripening hour,  
That, like the Aloe's blossom, long to come,  
Yet comes at last, and bears immortal bloom.

Thrice happy he, who—conqueror at length,—  
On such calm height repairs his weary strength ;  
And, more and more, sees darkness rolled away,  
Till the full prospect brightens into day.  
Yet—not for this, inflate with new-born pride,  
Looks he with scorn on all the world beside ;

But downward casts benignant glances o'er  
The minds that stray, where his had strayed before,  
And hopes, and prays for all, before that throne,  
Where knowledge—goodness—intellect are One.

And what though some, not shunning to be taught,  
Nay thirsty for the truth, yet find it not ;  
Like fainting traveller, through Arabian sand,  
Where the shy fount still mocks the searching hand,  
Condemned to tread the Doubter's dreary way,  
To the last tinge of life's descending day.  
Yet, even for these,—the spirit bold and rude,  
And all the irreverent heat of youth subdued,—  
Slow rolling years at length have done their part,  
Whilst, from the husband's and the father's heart,  
New feelings, household interests, budding out—  
If not supplanting, yet o'ershadowing doubt—  
Produce, at length, the calm submitted mind,  
That past and present scans with will resigned,

And onward pondering o'er the dark untrod,  
In humblest acquiescence rests on God.

And yet, such faith though God perhaps permit,  
Nor church, nor conventicle, deem it fit.  
No sheltering niche have they for trembling doubt ;  
Or true, or false, the creed must still be stout.  
Pledged to some sect—less matter what that one—  
But woe betide the wretch that herds with none.

Each hath his own prophetic dream, I wis.—  
His mad millennium scheme—and mine is this !  
A greater than the old Saturnian birth  
Shall come, when, o'er this vexed and vexing earth,  
Tolerance her wing shall spread, like parent dove,  
And faith be but another word for love ;  
And conscience, on no synods forced to wait,  
Herself perform the work of sect and state.



In thought I see the destined years unfold,  
The blissful reign for eager earth foretold.  
Lo ! there the few—by grateful nations loved—  
The more—by man unmarked—by heaven approved—  
Some Oberlin<sup>15</sup>—but to his village known ;  
Some Titus, beaming virtue from a throne ;  
Minds with each hue of every faith imbued,  
Like but in this—all followers of the good.—  
Here Bramin—there the worshipper of fire—  
Mild pagan here—there holy Christian sire—  
From every age and clime—a beauteous band—  
Priests—sages—bards—they wander hand in hand ;  
In tranquil converse quest for truth alone,  
Nor chafe, though each believe that truth his own ;  
Of rival creeds shake off the hate or fear,  
And—wondrous ! love more nearly, as more near ;  
Then ponder, 'mid that strangely peaceful scene,  
How theologic hates had ever been !

*B.*—Translated hence to some angelic sphere,  
Such Tolerance we may meet, but hardly here.  
Meanwhile, like thee who rambles in discourse,  
Must for Utopian pass, if not for worse.

*A.*—By simple folk bred up, unwont to range,  
I cling to childhood's prayers, and shrink from change ;  
But taught the Gospel came, that strifes should cease,  
Hold, like Moravian, its best lesson—Peace ;  
On harder doctrines lean, in quiet trust,  
And leave polemic folios—in their dust ;—  
But this point hold—howe'er each sect may brawl,  
Where pure the life, where free the heart from gall, }  
Whate'er the creed, Heaven looks with Love on All !



## NOTES.

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### PREFATORY DIALOGUE.

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Note 1, page 13.

*Stern "ex officio" tremble o'er her head.*

This oppressive legal power has, within a few years, been modified.

Note 2, page 17.

*Just so, within that loathsome prison gate.*

Those who, like the writer, have chanced to see Mrs. Fry visit the prisoners in Newgate, will understand this illustration.

Note 3, page 18.

*With thee I rock a mother's cradled age.*

The lines of Pope, from the prologue to the Satires, although well known, can hardly be too often quoted.

" Me let the tender office long engage  
To rock the cradle of reposing age.  
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,  
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death.  
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,  
And keep awhile one parent from the sky."

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Note 4, page 18.

*When the last lingering friend hath bade farewell.*

See Pope's Epistle to Robert, Earl of Oxford.

Note 5, page 18.

*That poesy and virtue are the same.*

“ Creative fancy's wild magnificence,  
And all the dread sublimities of song,  
These, Virtue, these to thee alone belong.”

These spirited lines, if a distant memory do not deceive, are to be found in a prize poem, written at Cambridge, by the Right Hon. Charles Grant.

Note 6, page 22.

*Young savage yet—their silent poesy.*

“ And even so did'st thou become  
A silent poet.”

*Wordsworth—Poems on the Naming of Places, No. 6.*

#### DIALOGUE SECOND.

Note 1, page 36.

*Largest prudence ne'er was virtue's whole.*

The “ nullum numen abest si sit prudentia ” would seem to be the motto of those who assert virtue and prudence to be but one ; the “ ipsa sui pretium virtus sibi ” of those who maintain

opposite opinion. This latter maxim, however, that logical ourist, Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Religio Medici*, asserts e "but a cold principle, and not able to maintain our variable lutions in any settled way of goodness." Such also is the ion of the Author of the *Enquiry into the Nature and Dis- ne of Human Motives*, as ably developed in that work, and e *Recapitulation* published afterwards; writings which, for h of thought and clearness of analysis, and an enlightened for moral and religious truth, would have been warmly wel- ed by the kindred feelings and intellects of Bishops Butler Berkeley.

Note 2, page 43.

*Some flashy hand-bill spreads the news of grace.*

There is a stir of business among them, a perpetual bustle confederacy; societies and branch-societies, associations, de- tions, committees, district meetings, quarterly meetings, al meetings, speechifications, ladies' associations, ladies' nittees."

There is a great deal in all this that is not religion. Pride its incense there and vanity its food."

*Southey's Prospects of Society, Colloquy 10.*

a pamphlet, published three or four years since, and attri- l to an eminent religionist, there is also a very graphic de- tion of meetings of this sort.

Note 3, page 46.

*Cunning Frenchman.*

ntenelle.

Note 4, page 48.

*Proud, as old Stylite, of her narrow base.*

See Gibbon, chap. 37.

Note 5, page 52.

*Calvin's ill-strained word.*

To some of the editions of Calvin's Institutes of Religion is prefixed, as is said in his life, the device of a flaming sword, with the motto "Non veni mittere pacem, sed gladium."

Note 6, page 50.

*Yet now no Rothschild—greedy king to soothe,  
Is strained to yield an ingot—or a tooth.*

"King John once demanded ten thousand marks from a Jew of Bristol, and, on his refusal, ordered one of his teeth to be drawn every day till he should comply. The Jew lost seven teeth, and then paid the sum required of him."

*Hume, Henry III.*

Note 7, page 54.

*Home who defends, is hanged or shot at will.*

Somewhere in Colonel Napier's Tacitus-like History of the Peninsular War, are observations to prove the necessity of this hard usage of warfare.

Note 8, page 56.

*Some even have played with Congreve's comic lyre,  
Nor felt the tinder temp'rament take fire.*

See among the exquisite Essays of Elia, one on the Artificial Comedy, which, with the Essay on the Plays of Shakspeare by the same writer, are specimens of dramatic criticism, of rare subtlety and beauty.

Note 9, page 56.

*And then—though Wesley—strong in fervent youth.  
Strong in man's weakness, strong in his own truth,*

None who have read Southey's *Life of Wesley* will doubt of that reformer's sincerity. That his work has not fully pleased the followers of Wesley is not wonderful. For it is written too much in the spirit of an honest impartiality, specially to satisfy any one class, excepting only that very small one, which loves truth for its own sake.

Note 10, page 55.

*And taught "unawed amid a slavish band."*

"Thou knowest with what a lofty gratulation  
I sang unawed amidst a slavish band."

*Coleridge's France, an Ode.*

Note 11, page 60.

*When Priestley, driven in distant lands to roam,  
Himself the flames scarce 'scaped that wrapt his home.*

"The fury was, by good luck, in favour of the government. They set fire to the houses of all the more opulent dissenters, whom they suspected of disaffection, and searched every where for the heresiarch Priestley, carrying a spit about, on which they intended to roast him alive. Happily for himself and the national character he had taken alarm and withdrawn in time.

*Esprilla's Letters.*

Note 12, page 60.

*A pensioned pleader, yet of soul sincere.*

No one looks up with a more humble or affectionate admiration to the name of Edmund Burke than the writer of this note. But his pension injured his reputation, if it did not injure the



man, and took away much of its grace and authority from what was, probably after all, free will. His letter to a noble lord is indeed a magnificent recrimination, a noble *argumentum ad hominem*—a loftily-pathetic apology—but does it overcome the attack or divert it?

Do not the following extracts from his Letters to Dr. Lawrence disclose, as it were by fits, all the agony of a debtor, a high minded, indeed, but crippled debtor?

“What I wrote (alluding to the above letter) was to discharge a debt, I thought, to my own and my son’s memory, and to those who ought not to be considered guilty of prodigality in giving me what is beyond my merits, though not beyond my debts, as you know. The public, I won’t dispute longer about it, has overpaid me. I wish I could overpay my creditors. They eat deep on what was designed to maintain me.”—*Letter 24.*

Again: “As to me, I believe my affair is out of the question. He (the minister) has delayed it so long, that he is partly afraid, partly ashamed, and partly unwilling to bring it on. But in that, too, submission is my duty and my policy. It signifies little how these last days are spent, and on my death I think they will pay my debts.”—*Letter 20.*

Note 13, page 63.

*Augur looked augur in the face, nor smiled.*

Is it not Cicero who somewhere says he wondered how any two augurs could look each other in the face without smiling?

Note 14, page 70.

*And men stood prized for individual worth.*

“Meanwhile at home,  
All individual dignity and power,  
Engulfed in courts, committees, institutions,

Associations, and societies.

A vain, speech-mouthing, speech-reporting guild,  
One benefit-club for mutual flattery."

*Coleridge's Fears in Solitude.*

Note 15, page 71.

*No platform orator—no pamphleteer.*

The author having, and in good faith, disclaimed all personal allusions whatsoever, is desirous to say that this line was written some years since.

Note 16, page 71.

*Not skilful with God's name to interlace  
Smooth flatteries for scoundrels high in place.*

At meetings of Bible societies, the writer has heard, with disgust, the loftiest praises lavished on powerful individuals, the patrons of those societies, whom assuredly the reverend itinerants would have shrunk from approving within the sacred circles of their own homes.

Note 17, page 73.

*Of hell, erst irksome to politer ear.*

"To rest the cushion, and soft dean invite,  
Who never mentions hell to ears polite."

*Pope, Epist. 4.*

## DIALOGUE THIRD.

## Note 1, page 86.

*Ne'er strive to explain "the number of the beast."*

Amongst other adaptations this perplexing number has been, irreverently enough, made to apply to the Pope, to Napoleon, and to General Washington!

## Note 2, page 92.

*For text and context oft is difference all.*

"I revere the Scriptures as deeply as you, or any Christian can do. I look unto them with humble hope of extracting a rule of conduct and a law of salvation. But I expect to find this by an examination of their general tenour, and of the spirit which they uniformly breathe, and not by wresting particular passages from their context, or by the application of Scripture phrases to circumstances and events with which they have often very slender relation."—*Tales of my Landlord.*

Various and numberless as are the emotions, pleasurable or lofty, which it has been the privilege of Scott's rare genius to awaken, the world owes him yet more for that practical tolerance—that *humanness*—(to use a word of Mr. Coleridge's)—which pervades all that he has written, and of which the effect is, without formal lesson, to make the reader "rise up wiser and better."

## Note 3, page 93.

*The goule—'tis story of Arabian strain.*

See, in the Arabian Nights, the story of Sidi Nonman.

Note 4, page 96.

*Reared up in Paley's qualm-controlling school.*

See Paley, on Subscription to Articles, where he has been as tender-handed as he could be; making, in a humane spirit, the obligation of subscription as light as possible to those persons who must, as he knew, and had probably felt, submit to it, light or heavy. But from first to last he was opposed to the slightest unnecessary strictness in articles of faith. Begin with his defence of the Considerations—in Chalmers's edition—and end with his admirable Chapter on Toleration, in the Political Philosophy.

Note 5, page 99.

*Where after-thought may bring the more or less.*

“Men are deterred from searching the Scriptures by the fear of finding there *more or less* than they looked for; that is, something inconsistent with what they have already given their consent to, and must at their peril abide by.”—*Paley's Defence of the Considerations.*

Note 6, page 99.

*Socinian here—there Evangelical.*

“It is objected to the articles of the Church of England that they are at variance with the actual opinions both of the governors and members of that Church; so much so, that men who most faithfully and explicitly maintain these articles get persecuted for their singularity, excluded from orders, driven from universities, and are compelled to preach the established religion in fields and conventicles.”—*Paley's Defence, &c.*

Note 7, page 101.

*But if Authority we needs must have,  
With rod to smite, and fetter to enslave.*

“ The Popes, when they assumed the power of the Apostles, laid claim to their infallibility ; and in this they were consistent. Protestant churches renounce with all their might this infallibility, whilst they apply to themselves every expression that describes it, and will not part with a jot of the authority which is built upon it.”—*Paley's Defence, &c.*

Note 8, page 113.

*What wins to love his God and neighbour best,  
Be this for each the object and the test.*

“ Conscience alone, a feeling which, though it may not always utter the same dictates to different persons, is definite and particular in its dictates to all, is invested by nature herself with an authority from which we cannot escape, and is always to be obeyed, even when in error. Any difficulties with which this subject may be encumbered, have been cleared by Reid and by others, (see Butler, Sermons at the Rolls, and the Preface,) who prove incontrovertibly the duty in all cases of obeying conviction. Indeed, it is common, even among the vulgar, to make such observations as the following — ‘ The action, no doubt, was wrong, but as he thought it right, it was his duty to do it ; ’ and this, like all other vulgar feelings, has its root in nature, and is fruitful of philosophical meaning.”—*Penrose's Inquiry, page 151—152.*

See also Mr. Penrose's citations from Jeremy Taylor to the same effect, and Dr. Reid's Powers of Man, Essay 7, and Stewart's Outlines, page 150.

“ Let us not be offended mutually with one another for our

different choice of this or that way, wherein we find most of real advantage and edification. Our greatest concern in this world, and which is common to us all, is the bettering of our spirits, and the preparing them for a better world. Let no man be displeased (especially of those who agree in all the substantials of the same holy religion), that another uses the same liberty in choosing the way most conducing in his experience to his great end, that he himself also uses, expecting to do it without another man's offence."—*Calamy's Abridgment of Baxter's Life*, page 494, vol. 1, 2d edition, 1719.

Thus wrote Richard Baxter, whose gentle temper and delicate conscience added years and reflection seem only to have rendered gentler and more delicate. Nothing can be milder in Christianity nor more sound in philosophy, than what his biographer Sylvester terms "Baxter's censure of his own works." See Sylvester's *Life of him*, book 1, paragraph 212 et seq., in which he recounts the successive changes that have taken place in his own views and judgments from youth to age. It would be a good work to transfer this delightful chapter, or parts of it, to some one of the many periodicals which are now in every hand.

Thus too have written, from time to time, our wisest thinkers and best men, but hitherto with too little of practical effect; for we have, too many of us, yet to learn, that a mere calculated toleration is not tolerance; that it is only the vestibule of the temple, and not its sanctum.

Note 9, page 114.

*Calvin and Leo—landaman and king.*

— "Many a one

Owes to his country his religion;

And in another would as strongly grow,

Had but his nurse or mother taught him so.

"This, says pious and honest Izaak Walton, is reason put into

verse, and worthy the consideration of a wise man."—*Comp Angler, chap. 2.*

The gate on the bridge of St. Maurice was, a few years since, the meeting point of three forms of government,—the republic of the Valais, the oligarchy of Berne, and the despotism of Savoy; and of two religions,—a bigoted Popery, and a Calvinism, perhaps, not less bigoted. Thus a few yards, here and there, made all the difference for life, and, as many no doubt believed and believe, for eternity!—The Canton of Vaud, then under the sway of Berne, is now an independent republic; the narrow Rhone now only divides two opposite forms of faith and government.

Note 10, page 121.

*O'er gentler hearts from "meanest flower that blows."*

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts, that do often lie too deep for tears."

*Wordsworth's Poems*

Note 11, page 123.

*Of all the sects that ever Evans drew.*

Evans, author of a very useful compendium, entitled *Demonstrations of Christian Sects*, with a very tolerant preface. The feeling of tolerance could hardly but occur to the compiler of such a work.

Note 12, page 130.

*And link to the stern brain a trusting heart.*

"And temper with the sternness of the brain  
Thoughts motherly and meek as womanhood."

*Wordsworth*

Note 13, page 130.

*Nor love taught faith, as Knighthood fierce to start.  
When beauty smiles belief into the heart.*

“ When love could teach a monarch to be wise,  
And gospel-light first beamed from Bullen's eyes.

*Fragment of Gray.*

With our writers of that favourite species of modern composition, the novel-theologic,—this female machinery of conversion is quite general. Yet for deep and durable impressions Leland and Paley are, perhaps, after all, more to be relied on.

Note 14, page 130.

*Not such bold trust, as convict wretches snatch,  
From desperate need of heaven's uplifted latch.*

See the newspapers—passim.

Note 15, page 134.

*Some Oberlin, but to his village known.*

See the Life, published a few years since, of this energetic man; and also, of the same tendency, the very interesting memoir of Neff, a truly apostolic pastor in the higher Alps of Dauphiny, by the Rev. Mr. Gilly.





